
THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *February, 1757.*

ARTICLE I.

Four Dissertations. 1. *The Natural History of Religion.* 2. *Of the Passions.* 3. *Of Tragedy.* 4. *Of the Standard of Taste.* By David Hume, Esq; 12mo. Pr. 3s. Millar.

THE ingenious Mr. *Hume*, already so well known to the learned world by his four volumes of essays, and the history of *Great Britain*, hath once more excited the attention of the public by the dissertations now before us, which are addressed in a short but spirited and well-written dedication to his friend the Rev. Mr. *Hume*, author of * *Douglas* a tragedy.

The first dissertation seems, like an elder brother, to have swallowed up the patrimony of all the rest, it being at least as long as the other three; which may, perhaps, be easily accounted for from our author's partiality to his favourite topic. It contains the natural history of religion, and though apparently written with a greater degree of cautious circumspection than we expected, sufficiently discovers that sceptical dissent from received opinions; and paradoxical singularity for which this gentleman hath been so highly blamed by some, and so much admired by others. Concerning this, however, we shall leave our readers to judge, after premising, that authors of such

ac-

* This tragedy has lately been acted at *Edinburgh* to crowded audiences with universal applause: Our author, Mr. *David Hume*, calls it in his dedication one of the most interesting and pathetic pieces that was ever exhibited on any theatre; gives it the preference to the *Merope* of *Maffei* and *Voltaire*, and is of opinion, that the writer of it possesses the true tragic genius of *Shakespear* and *Otway*, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one, and licentiousness of the other.

acknowledged and distinguished abilities as Mr. *Hume*, are always to be read with care and caution, more especially on subjects of this nature, because wherever there is a power to please and to persuade, there is also a power to mislead and to betray: it will become us therefore to be upon our guard, to separate the truth of what is advanced from the manner of delivering it, and not so far to stretch our complaisance to any writer, as from an admiration of his stile, to adopt his principles, and imbibe his sentiments on every occasion.

Mr. *Hume* observes in his introduction, that the belief of invisible, intelligent power has been very generally diffused over the human race, in all places and in all ages; but it has neither perhaps been so universal as to admit of no exceptions, nor has it been, in any degree, uniform in the ideas, which it has suggested. Some nations have been discovered, who entertained no sentiments of religion, if travellers and historians may be credited; and no two nations, and scarce any two men, have ever agreed precisely in the same sentiments. It would appear, therefore, that this preconception springs not from an original instinct or primary impression of nature, such as gives rise to self-love, affection betwixt the sexes, love of progeny, gratitude, resentment; since every instinct of this kind has been found absolutely universal in all nations and ages, and has always a precise, determinate object, which it inflexibly pursues. The first religious principles must be secondary; such as may easily be perverted by various accidents and causes, and whose operation too, in some cases, may, by an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, be altogether prevented.

He then proceeds to enquire what those principles are which give rise to the original belief, and what those accidents and causes are which direct its operation.

Polytheism or idolatry (*says he*) was and necessarily must have been the first and most ancient religion of mankind, which appears from the clear testimony of history, which represents polytheism as the popular and established system; and to suppose that in more ancient time, that is to say, farther back than history can reach, men entertained the principles of pure theism, is highly absurd; because it is to assert, that while they were ignorant and barbarous they discovered truth, but fell into error as soon as they acquired learning and politeness. We may as reasonably imagine, that men inhabited palaces before huts and cottages, or studied geometry before agriculture; as assert that the deity appeared to them a pure spirit, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent, before he was apprehended to be a powerful, though limited being, with human passions and appetites, limbs and organs. The mind rises gradually, from inferior to superior: By abstracting from what is imperfect, it forms an idea of perfection: And slowly distinguishing

the

the nobler parts of its frame from the grosser, it learns to transfer only the former, much elevated and refined, to its divinity.

Besides that, if men were at first led into the belief of one supreme being, by reasoning from the frame of nature, they could never possibly leave that belief, in order to embrace idolatry; but the same principles of reasoning, which at first produced, and diffused over mankind, so magnificent an opinion, must be able, with greater facility, to preserve it.

It is impossible then that theism could, from reasoning, have been the primary religion of human race, and have afterwards, by its corruption, given birth to idolatry and to all the various superstitions of the heathen world. Reason, when very obvious, prevents these corruptions: When abstruse, it keeps the principles entirely from the knowledge of the vulgar, who are alone liable to corrupt any principles, or opinions.

If we would, therefore, indulge our curiosity, in enquiring concerning the origin of religion, we must turn our thoughts towards idolatry or polytheism, the primitive religion of uninstructed mankind.

Now in all nations which have embraced polytheism or idolatry, the first ideas of religion arose not from a contemplation of the works of nature, but from a concern with regard to the events * of life, and from the incessant hopes and fears, which actuate the human mind. Accordingly, we find, that all idolaters, having separated the provinces of their deities, have recourse to that invisible agent, to whose authority they are immediately subjected, and whose province it is to superintend that course of actions, in which they are, at any time, engaged. *Juno* is invoked at marriages; *Lucina* at births. Agitated by hopes and fears of this nature, especially the latter, men scrutinize, with a trembling curiosity, the course of future causes, and examine the various and contrary events of human life. And in this disordered scene, with eyes still more disordered and astonished, they see the first obscure traces of divinity. All † human life, especially before the institution of order

H 2 and

* The conduct of events (*says Mr. Hume p. 12*) or what we call the plan of a particular providence, is so full of variety and uncertainty, that, if we suppose it immediately ordered by any intelligent beings, we must acknowledge a contrariety in their designs and intentions, a constant combat of opposite powers, and a repentance or change of intention in the same power, from impotence or levity.

This assertion of Mr. Hume's it will become our divines to take into their consideration.

† The following observations (p. 21. of the *dissertations*) is founded on truth and experience:

' If we examine our own hearts or observe what passes around us, (*says Mr. Hume*) we shall find, that men are much oftener thrown on their

and good government, being subject to fortuitous accidents; it is natural, that superstition should prevail every where in barbarous ages, and put men on the most earnest enquiry concerning those invisible powers, who dispose of their happiness or misery.

Hence every place was stored with a croud of local deities, and thus idolatry has prevailed, and still prevails among the greatest part of un instructed mankind.

The only point of theology, in which we shall find a consent of mankind almost universal, is, that there is invisible, intelligent power in the world: but whether this power be supreme or subordinate, whether confined to one being or distributed amongst several, what attributes, qualities, connexions or principles of action ought to be ascribed to those beings; concerning all these points, there is the widest difference in the popular systems of theology.

Our author then ridicules what but to mention is indeed sufficiently to expose, the ancient mythology, so full of absurdity and contradiction; and observes, in regard to the heathen deities, that to ascribe the origin and fabric of the universe to these imperfect beings never enter'd into the imagination of the polytheists and idolaters of former ages, who seem throughout to have rather embraced the idea of generation than that of creation or formation, and to have thence accounted for the origin of the universe. So far was it indeed from being esteemed profane in those days to account for the origin of things without a deity, that *Thales*, *Anaximenes*, *Heraclitus*, and others, who embraced that system of cosmogony, past unquestioned; while *Anaxagoras*, the first and undoubted theist among the philosophers, was perhaps the first that ever was accused of atheism.

The common people were never likely to derive from reasoning their systems of religion; when philologists and mythologists, we see, scarce ever discovered so much penetration. And even the philosophers, who discoursed of such topics, readily assented to the grossest theory, and admitted the joint origin of gods and men from night and chaos; from fire, water, air, or whatever they establish'd to be the ruling element.

Our

their knees by the melancholy than by the agreeable passions. Prosperity is easily received as our due, and few questions are asked concerning its cause or author. It engenders cheerfulness and activity and alacrity and a lively enjoyment of every social and sensual pleasure: And during this state of mind, men have little leisure or inclination to think of the unknown, invisible regions. On the other hand, every disastrous accident alarms us, and sets us on enquiries concerning the principles whence it arose: Apprehensions spring up with regard to futurity: And the mind, sunk into diffidence, terror, and melancholy, has recourse to every method of appeasing those secret, intelligent powers, on whom our fortune is supposed entirely to depend.'

Our author then endeavours to trace the various appearances of the polytheism and idolatry of the vulgar in the principles of human nature, whence they are derived. He observes on this head, that the polytheist never learns by argument the existence of invisible intelligent power, or from the contrivance of nature's objects deduces a divine being, but without ever admitting any such idea, deifies every part of the universe, his attention rests on visible and sensible objects; hence arose allegories physical and moral. The same principles did also naturally deify mortals, superior in power, courage, or understanding, and produce hero-worship; along with fabulous history and mythological tradition, in all its wild and unaccountable forms.

The doctrine, notwithstanding, of one supreme deity, the author of nature, is very ancient, has spread itself over great and populous nations, and among them has been embraced by all ranks and conditions of persons: But whoever thinks that it has owed its success to the prevalent force of those invincible reasons, on which it is undoubtedly founded, would show himself little acquainted with the ignorance and stupidity of the people, and their incurable prejudices in favour of their particular superstitions.

We may conclude, therefore, that since the vulgar, in nations, which have embraced the doctrine of theism, still build it upon irrational and superstitious opinions, they are never led into that opinion by any process of argument, but by a certain train of thinking, more suitable to their genius and capacity.

It appears certain, that, though the original notions of the vulgar represent the Divinity as a very limited being, and consider him only as the particular cause of health or sickness; plenty or want; prosperity or adversity; yet when more magnificent ideas are urged upon them, they esteem it dangerous to refuse their assent. But the assent of the vulgar is, in this case, merely verbal, and that they are incapable of conceiving those sublime qualities, which they seemingly attribute to the deity. Their real idea of him, notwithstanding their pompous language, is still as poor and frivolous as ever.

Who can express the perfections of the Almighty, say the *Mahometans*? Even the noblest of his works, if compared to him, are but dust and rubbish. How much more must human conception fall short of his infinite perfections? His smile and favour renders men for ever happy; and to obtain it for your children, the best method is to cut off from them, while infants, a little bit of skin, about half the breadth of a farthing. Take two bits of cloath, say the *Roman catholics*, about an inch or an inch and a half square, join them by the corners with two strings or pieces of tape about sixteen inches long, throw this over your head, and make one of the bits of cloth lie upon your breast, and the other upon your back, keeping them next your skin: There is not a better

secret for recommending yourself to that infinite Being who exists from eternity to eternity.

It is remarkable, that the principles of religion have a kind of flux and reflux in the human mind, and that men have a natural tendency to rise from idolatry to theism, and to sink again from theism into idolatry.

The feeble apprehensions of men cannot be satisfied with conceiving their deity as a pure spirit and perfect intelligence; and yet their natural terrors keep them from imputing to him the least shadow of limitation and imperfection. They fluctuate betwixt these opposite sentiments. The same infirmity still drags them downwards, from an omnipotent and spiritual deity to a limited and corporeal one, and from a corporeal and limited deity to a statue or visible representation. The same endeavour at elevation still pushes them upwards, from the statue or material image to the invisible power, and from an invisible power to an infinitely perfect deity, the creator and sovereign of the universe.

Polytheism is liable to this inconvenience, that any practice or opinion, however barbarous or corrupted, may be authorised by it. But then it has its peculiar advantages also, that by limiting the powers and functions of its duties, it admits the gods of other sects and nations to a share of divinity, and renders the various deities, rites, ceremonies and traditions compatible with each other. Whilst on the other hand, theism is attended with this disadvantage, viz. that whilst one sole object of devotion is acknowledged, the worship of other deities is regarded as absurd and impious. Nay, this unity of object seems naturally to require the unity of faith and ceremonies, and furnishes designing men with a pretext for representing their adversaries as profane, and the subjects of divine as well as human vengeance. For as each sect is positive, that its own faith and worship are entirely acceptable to the deity, and as no one can conceive, that the same being should be pleased with different and opposite rites and principles; the several sects fall naturally into animosity, and mutually discharge on each other that sacred zeal and rancour, the most furious and implacable of all human passions.

The intolerance of almost all religions, which have maintained the unity of God, is as remarkable as the contrary principle in polytheists. The implacable, narrow spirit of the *Jesus* is well known. Mahometanism set out with still more bloody principles; and even to this day, deals out damnation, tho' not fire and fagot to all other sects. And if, amongst christians, the *English* and *Dutch* have embraced the principles of toleration, this singularity has proceeded from the steady resolution of the civil magistrate, in opposition to the continued efforts of priests and bigots.

I may venture to affirm, that few corruptions of idolatry and polytheism are more pernicious to political society than this

corruption of theism, when carried to the utmost height. The human sacrifices of the *Carthaginians*, *Mexicans*, and many barbarous nations, scarce exceed the inquisition and persecutions of *Rome* and *Madrid*. For besides, that the effusion of blood may not be so great in the former case as in the latter; besides this, I say, the human victims, being chosen by lot or by some exterior signs, affect not, in so considerable a degree, the rest of the society. Whereas virtue, knowledge, love of liberty, are the qualities, which call down the fatal vengeance of inquisitors; and when expelled, leave the society in the most shameful ignorance, corruption, and bondage. The illegal murder of one man by a tyrant is more pernicious than the death of a thousand by pestilence, famine, or any undistinguishing calamity.

Where the deity is represented as infinitely superior to mankind, this belief, tho' altogether just, is apt, when joined with superstitious terrors, to sink the human mind into the lowest submission and abasement, and to represent the monkish virtues of mortification, penance, humility and passive suffering, as the only qualities, which are acceptable to him. But where the gods are conceived to be only a little superior to mankind, and to have been, many of them, advanced from that inferior rank, we are more at our ease in our addresses to them, and may even, without profaneness, aspire sometimes to a rivalship and emulation of them. Hence activity, spirit, courage, magnanimity, love of liberty, and all the virtues, which aggrandize a people. But the corruption of the * best things always beget the worst.

Mr. Hume's remark (p. 83) bears perhaps a little too hard on the orthodox, and devotee.

H 4

‘ We

* Mr. Hume in expatiating on the absurdity of some doctrines of our brethren the *catholics*, among other anecdotes, gives us the following:

‘ A famous general, at that time in the *Muscovite* service, having come to *Paris* for the recovery of his wounds, brought along with him a young *Turk*, whom he had taken prisoner. Some of the doctors of the *Sorbonne* (who are altogether as positive as the divines of *Constantinople*) thinking it a pity, that the poor *Turk* should be damned for want of instruction, solicited *Mustapha* very hard to turn christian, and promised him, for his encouragement, plenty of good wine in this world, and paradise in the next. These allurements were too powerful to be resisted; and therefore, having been well instructed and catechized, he at last agreed to receive the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper. The priest, however, to make every thing sure and solid, still continued his instructions; and began his catechism next day with the usual question, *How many Gods are there?* *None at all*, replies *Benedict*; for that was his new name. *How!* *None at all!* cries the priest. *To be sure*, said the honest proselyte. *You have told me all along that there is but one God: and yesterday I eat him.*

‘ We may observe (*says he*) that notwithstanding the dogmatical imperious style of all superstition, the conviction of the religionists, in all ages, is more affected than real, and scarce ever approaches, in any degree, to that solid belief and persuasion, which governs us in the common affairs of life. Men dare not avow, even to their own hearts, the doubts, which they entertain on such subjects: they make a merit of implicite faith; and disguise to themselves their real infidelity, by the strongest asseverations and most positive bigotry. But nature is too hard for all their endeavours, and suffers not the obscure, glimmering light, afforded in those shadowy regions, to equal the strong impressions, made by common sense and by experience. The usual course of mens conduct belies their words, and shows, that the assent in these matters is some unaccountable operation of the mind betwixt disbelief and conviction, but approaching much nearer the former than the latter.’

Mr. *Hume* in this place, after some severe strokes of ridicule on ancient and modern superstition, proceeds to assert, that the primary religion of mankind must have arisen from an anxious fear of future events; but at the same time observes, that whilst our natural terrors present the notion of a devilish and malicious deity, our propensity to praise leads us to acknowledge an excellent and divine. And the influence of these opposite principles is various, according to the different situation of the human understanding. Hence therefore is a kind of contradiction betwixt the different principles of human nature which enter into religion.

Lucian observes, that a young man, who reads the history of the gods in *Homer* or *Hesiod*, and finds their factions, wars, injustice, incest, adultery, and other immorality so highly celebrated, is much surprised afterwards, when he comes into the world, to observe, that punishments are by law inflicted on the same actions, which he had been taught to ascribe to superior beings. The contradiction is still perhaps stronger betwixt the representations given us by some latter religions and our natural ideas of generosity, lenity, impartiality, and justice; and in proportion to the multiplied terrors of these religions, the barbarous conceptions of the divinity are multiplied upon us.

It is certain, that, in every religion, however sublime the verbal definition, which it gives of its divinity, many of the votaries, perhaps the greatest number, will still seek the divine favour, not by virtue and good morals, which alone can be acceptable to a perfect being, but either by frivolous observances, by intemperate zeal, by rapturous extasies, or by the belief of mysterious and absurd opinions.

Nay, if we should suppose, what seldom happens, that a popular religion were found, in which it was expressly declared, that nothing but morality could gain the divine favour; if an order of priests were instituted to inculcate this opinion, in daily sermons,

and

and with all the arts of persuasion ; yet so inveterate are the people's prejudices, that for want of some other superstition, they would make the very attendance on these sermons the essentials of religion, rather than place them in virtue and good morals.

This universal bias in human nature towards superstition and enthusiasm, in preference to plain morality, Mr. *Hume* endeavours to account for, by observing, that the duties, which a man performs as a friend or parent, seem merely owing to his benefactor or children ; nor can he be wanting to these duties, without breaking thro' all the ties of nature and morality. A strong inclination may prompt him to the performance : a sentiment of order and moral beauty joins its force to these natural ties : and the whole man, if truly virtuous, is drawn to his duty, without any effort or endeavour. Even with regard to the virtues, which are more austere, and more founded on reflection, such as public spirit, filial duty, temperance, or integrity ; the moral obligation, in our apprehension, removes all pretence to religious merit ; and the virtuous conduct is esteemed no more than what we owe to society and to ourselves. In all this, a superstitious man finds nothing, which he has properly performed for the sake of his deity, or which can peculiarly recommend him to the divine favour and protection. He considers not, that the most genuine method of serving the divinity is by promoting the happiness of his creatures. He still looks out for some more immediate service of the supreme being, in order to allay those terrors, with which he is haunted. And any practice recommended to him, which either serves to no purpose in life, or offers the strongest violence to his natural inclinations ; that practice he will the more readily embrace, on account of those very circumstances, which should make him absolutely reject it. It seems the more purely religious, that it proceeds from no mixture of any other motive or consideration. And if, for its sake, he sacrifices much of his ease and quiet, his claim of merit appears still to rise upon him, in proportion to the zeal and devotion, which he discovers. In restoring a loan, or paying a debt, his divinity is no way beholden to him ; because these acts of justice are what he was bound to perform, and what many would have performed, were there no god in the universe. But if he fast a day, or give himself a sound whipping ; this has a direct reference, in his opinion, to the service of God. No other motive could engage him to such austerities. By these distinguished marks of devotion, he has now acquired the divine favour ; and may expect, in recompence, protection and safety in this world, and eternal happiness in the next.

To which we may add, that, even after the commission of crimes, there arise remorses and secret horrors, which give no rest to the mind, but make it have recourse to religious rites and ceremonies, as expiations of its offences. Whatever weakens or disorders the internal frame promotes the interests of superstition ;

And

And while we abandon ourselves to the natural, undisciplined suggestions of our timid and anxious hearts, every kind of barbarity is ascribed to the supreme being, from the terrors, with which we are agitated; and every kind of caprice, from the methods which we embrace, in order to appease him.

The truth of this observation is evident: it has indeed been made before, but perhaps never better express'd than by our author. What follows carries also with it an equal degree of conviction.

' The universal propensity (*says Mr. Hume*) to believe in invisible, intelligent power, if not an original instinct, being at least a general attendant of human nature, it may be considered as a kind of mark or stamp, which the divine workman has set upon his work; and nothing surely can more dignify mankind, than to be thus selected from all the other parts of the creation, and to bear the image or impression of the universal Creator. But consult this image, as it commonly appears in the popular religions of the world. How is the deity disfigured in the representations of him! What caprice, absurdity, and immorality are attributed to him! How much is he degraded even below the character which we should naturally, in common life, ascribe to a man of sense and virtue!

' What a noble privilege is it of human reason to attain the knowledge of the supreme being; and, from the visible works of nature, be enabled to infer so sublime a principle as its supreme Creator? But turn the reverse of the medal. Survey most nations and most ages. Examine the religious principles, which have, in fact, prevailed in the world. You will scarcely be persuaded, that they are other than sick mens dreams: or perhaps will regard them more as the playsome whimsies of monkeys in human shape, than the serious, positive, dogmatical asseverations of a being, who dignifies himself with the name of rational.'

The first dissertation concludes thus:

' The whole (*meaning, we are afraid, the whole of religion*) is a riddle, an ænigma, an inexplicable mystery. Doubt, uncertainty, suspense of judgment appear the only result of our most accurate scrutiny, concerning this subject. But such is the frailty of human reason, and such the irresistible contagion of opinion, that even this deliberate doubt could scarce be upheld; did we not enlarge our view, and opposing one species of superstition to another, set them a quarreling; while we ourselves, during their fury and contention, happily make our escape, into the calm, though obscure, regions of philosophy.'

Such are the sentiments of the ingenious Mr. Hume, as delivered to us in what he calls his *Natural History of Religion*, in which tho' the stile is animated, nervous, and correct throughout, and many of the remarks pertinent and just, we do not meet with that no-

velocity, or force of argument which we expected from an author of such distinguished abilities: Nor can we indeed perceive *quo tendit*, to what use or purpose this dissertation was written. A deficiency in our author's arrangement of his notions, and a want of method and connection is also visible throughout the whole, occasioned perhaps by some castration of the original.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. II. *The Principles of Agriculture and Vegetation.* By Francis Home, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh. 8vo. Pr. 3s. Hamilton,

THE world is already indebted to this gentleman for his judicious experiments on bleaching, an account of which the reader may see in the second number of the *Critical Review*.

He tells us the following papers were composed in consequence of a subject being given out by the *Edinburgh* society established for the improvement of arts and manufactures. They allotted a gold medal for the best dissertation on vegetation and the principles of agriculture; and doctor *Home* obtained the prize. This accurate chymist could not have employed his talents on a more interesting and more useful subject, especially in *Scotland*, where we apprehend very few improvements have been made in the practical part of husbandry. In our observations upon *Lyle's Husbandry*, we expressed a wish that chymistry was more applied to the purposes of agriculture: we said it would be no difficult task to analyze all the different sorts of soil, and the various kinds of manure, so as to ascertain the properties of each, and more certainly discover the means of alteration and improvement. The same art might be employed to distinguish the diversity of water; to investigate more fully the component parts of grain, and make valuable discoveries in the world of vegetation. Doctor *Home* has exercised his knowledge of chymistry towards the accomplishment of our wish. He describes the different kinds of soil, which he reduces to the following heads; *loam*, *clay*, *sandy*, *mossy*, *chalky*, and *till*: These he analyses by experiments. In the second part of his performance he points out the natural methods of providing vegetable food, whether by fallowing or manure. He affirms that the comminution of the earth by the mechanic action of the plough, is not the chief cause of increasing the vegetable matter, as *Tull* alledges; because even the lightest soil is the better for fallowing; and when fallow ground is raised up in ridges, more benefit is received than when it lies in its natural situation. He observes that "the nutritious influence of the air is yet more observable in those earthen dykes or walls made of the soil taken from the surface, and thrown up to inclose the sheep-folds. These dykes are exposed to the influence of the air, which passes through and through them for many months.

“ The

• The soil thus exposed is rendered prodigiously fruitful, so that it
 • is easily distinguishable by the quantity and deep green color of
 • the grain, from the internal parts of the fold, which have been
 • well manured by the urine and dung of the sheep. It is likewise
 • remarked by farmers, that the earth of the dyke lasts for three or
 • four years longer fruitful than the other part of the sheep-fold.

• The chief instrument, then, that nature makes use of to enrich
 • the earth, is the air. Even the richest soils require its continual
 • influence. On what principles of the air this fructifying quality
 • depends, we cannot enquire, until we have ascertained the nature
 • of the different manures which seem to operate by attracting those
 • principles from the air. The strong and vegetative power which
 • the air communicates to the earth, should teach us to make a
 • greater use of its influence than what we do. Why should
 • we not raise the whole surface into fold-dikes? Other manures do
 • not operate till the second or third year after they are laid on;
 • this operates immediately. A farmer cannot, at a medium, dung
 • an acre under 5*l.* this might be done for 30*s.* Dung fills the
 • ground with weeds; this method cleans it. Manures cannot be
 • found every where; this practice may be followed in all places.
 • It would be particularly good for clay ground, as the vicissitudes of
 • the air pulverise greatly."

He next proceeds to treat of manures, comprehending marl, unburnt calcareous bodies, and quick lime, vegetables entire or corrupted, dunghils, manures arising from burning vegetables, and animal manures. The experiments on marl are curious, and may prove useful. It is a fossil unctuous body, resembling clay, and of different colours; and when thrown into water falls down into a powder. It effervesces with acids, and turns them into a neutral salt; and by being mixed with clay land, improves the soil. There is a body resembling marl, and often found with it in the same bed, of a dark, lead colour. This instead of fertilizing the ground, destroys vegetation. The marl when wrought, takes a smooth polish from the instrument; but this body does not. It is acid to the taste and austere; raises no effervescence with acids, and turns the syrup of violets red; whereas marl gives it a green colour. By experiments Dr. *Home* finds it contains about an eightieth part of salt of steel, and a small proportion of the vitriolic acid. Marl appears to be the proper cure for this kind of soil: it will unite itself with the acid, separate and render the chalybeate particles insoluble in water, consequently unfit to enter the vessels of plants, and destroy their texture. Lime (*he says*) by its powerful attraction, soon exhausts the soil of all its oleaginous particles, if the farmer does not supply them with dung or animal substances. As it checks putrefaction, it ought not to be mixed with dunghils which are not yet sufficiently putrefied; but when this process is finished, it will fix the oils and hinder them from being volatiliz'd. The different species of sea weeds are serviceable to land from their soft pulpy texture, and great quantity of salts and oil.

After

After the doctor has explained the theory of putrefaction, he observes, ‘ The oils and salts, from being fixed, are volatilized, carried up into the air, and descend again to fructify the earth, which was lately robbed of them. Corruption, then, is the parent of vegetation; and could be so in no other way than in the present. Though of seeming disadvantage in nature, as shewing it on the decay; and though highly disagreeable to the external senses, and often dangerous to health; yet is putrefaction of more use than any of the other two fermentations, as it provides for our future nourishment, and carries on that beautiful circle, which nature is commanded, by her author and constant supporter, to move in.

Putrefied substances are all of an alkaline nature. The alkaline salt is often indeed inviscated by the oily parts, so that it can scarcely effervesce with acids. This has led some to assert, that putrefied substances were not alkaline; an assertion opposite to experiment. We know with what a gentle heat the volatile salts of putrefied bodies rise; a heat incapable to form those salts, if they did not pre-exist; but capable of raising them when once formed. As pigeons dung is the strongest of all dungs, for vegetable and animal substances are the same when putrefied, the alkaline salts are most observable in it. I have seen the surface of that dung covered with a white salt, which smelt as strong as the volatile salt of hartshorn. Every one is sensible of his eyes watering, when he goes into a pigeon-house; owing to the pungent volatile salts in the air. Substances highly putrefied effervesce with acids. *Reaumur*, speaking of the leaves of the vine, which he had set by to putrefy: *Quand elles ont été pourries jusque à ce point ou elles perdent leur nomme pour prendre celui de terreau, elles ont fermenté vivement et subitement avec les acides, que je verse dessus. Au lieu que l'esprit de nitre versé sur de feuilles secches, ou sur de feuilles simplement commencé à pourrir, n'ici produit aucune fermentation sensible.* This experiment puts the question beyond all doubt.

In treating of dunghills, he says, there are ferment for the putrefactive as well as for the vinous fermentation; namely, stale urine, human ordure, and the putrified carcases of animals. If the urine of horses and stall-fed cattle be kept in reservoirs until it turns stale, it will, if thrown on the dunghill, very much quicken the fermentation. Vegetables burnt to ashes produce a good manure. These ashes consist of an indissoluble earth and an alkaline salt, which strongly attracts acids: but they hurt rich soil.—Shavings and tips of horns, hair, woollen rags, contain a great quantity of mucilaginous and gelatinous substance, dissoluble by water, consisting of salts and oils intimately mixed.—Oyster shells, periwinkles, cockles, and shell marl, are long in dissolving; but in six or seven years make the ground so mellow, that it must lie fallow a year or two to consolidate, such is the ferment and expansion of this manure.

In the first section of part III. we meet with a number of experiments to shew the effects of different substances with regard to vegetation. From these it appears that virgin earth, exposed to the north wind, contains the principles of vegetation in great plenty: that grain grows the better for having been steeped in dung and saltpetre: that hard water (contrary to the common received opinion) affords strong nourishment to plants. That salt petre in any large proportion rather retarded than promoted vegetation. That vitriolated tartar seemed strongly to promote vegetation. That sea salt in any quantity is an enemy to vegetation, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of farmers. It may, however, be beneficial in small quantities, especially if it contains the bittern, which is a composition of the vitriolic acid, an absorbent base, and a bituminous oil. The acid of nitre seemed to promote the growth of plants; but they were poisoned by spirit of hartshorn; as well as by flowers of brimstone. From another series of experiments the doctor is inclined to believe that the spring has a peculiar vegetative power from some particular causes, which do not operate in the summer; and that plants stand in need of a constant application of free air to their surfaces.

In treating of the food of vegetables, he supposes them to be fed by air, water, earth, salt, oil, and fire; because all vegetables afford these very principles and no other when chymically analysed. Elementary fire is to be found in all bodies: earth is supplied by the soil: water drops from the clouds: oil is a natural principle of all earth, descends with rain and snow, and is communicated to the ground by all the vegetable and animal manures: and the salt is produced by alkaline and absorbent bodies, which by attracting the acid from the air, are converted into neutral saline substances.

The doctor is of opinion that the nitrous acid exists in the air, and is attracted from it: because alkaline salt and calcarious bodies without a mixture of any vegetable or animal matter will produce nitre; and because he himself obtained nitrous salt from the lime of park walls. Many mineral waters contain a nitrous salt.—Dr. *Home* discovered that the nitrous acid exists in all hard waters.—Absorbent earths attract the nitrous acid from the air, and fix it as it arises from the internal parts of the earth. The mixture of urine and manure will promote an intestine motion in the earth, keeping it open, and allowing the influence of the air to penetrate the deeper. The north wind is proper for the generation of nitre, by bringing along with it a great quantity of the nitrous acid.—It is not a real nitre which is the cause of vegetation, but an imperfect nitrous salt. The effects of different manures on the ground will be visible in proportion to their strength of attracting acids. Ashes have the speediest effects, because their alkaline salts attract acids stronger than any body. Soot and dung succeed in the next degree; then the class of absorbent earths.

To ascertain the existence of nitrous salt in the earth, the Doctor tried the following experiment.

* *Exp.*

• *Exp. 30.* To put this question beyond all doubt, I took
• from a molehill some rich soil in the month of *October*, poured
• water on it, and filtered that water through brown paper. This
• liquor, when boiled up, was yellow, and tasted saline. The
• salt appeared plainly to be nitrous; as brown paper, dipt in this
• liquor, and dried, burnt like a match. On an addition of *al-*
• *tart. p. d.* the liquor turned milky, and let fall a white powder;
• which shows the salt to be of the same nature with that of hard
• water. At first, I could get no salt by crystallisation, as the
• liquor was very unctuous, and in small quantity. But on treat-
• ing it in the same manner as the manufacturers do the materials
• of nitre, *viz.* adding some quick-lime to separate the oil from
• the salts, and allowing it to stand some days, I got from it
• a true saltpetre. This experiment shows the saline part of the
• vegetable food to the eye.

• From what has been said, we may learn,

• *Cor. 1.* That as hot weather hurts the formation of nitre,
• by exhaling it, and as the winter and spring is the time in which
• it is mostly generated, all dung should be laid out in those
• seasons.

• *Cor. 2.* As these manures become fertile by the action of the air,
• the longer they are exposed on the surface of the earth, so much
• the faster will they be converted to the nitrous salt. Farmers
• are now convinced of this from experience: but such bodies as
• contain a nutritive juice already formed, as woollen rags, hair,
• horn-shavings, leather, saw-dust; or those which already exist
• in the form of a neutral salt, such as sea-salt, cannot be benefit-
• ed by the influence of the air. Experience has likewise confirm-
• ed this observation. These are strong proofs of the justness of
• the preceding reasoning.

• *Cor. 3.* As the north wind is observed to bring most of the
• nitrous acid, it would seem to follow, that banks which have
• a north aspect should receive most of it. It is observed, that
• they are, in general, richer than those of a southern aspect.
• As the former have not so much sun as the latter, they should
• be less fruitful: but our theory of vegetation affords a sufficient
• reason for this fact.

• *Cor. 4.* It appears, from the manufacture of nitre, that all
• those absorbent meagre earths used in agriculture, will be ren-
• dered more capable of answering their purpose, by an addition
• of some putrid substance, vegetable or animal, to open their
• texture, and make them more pervious to the influence of the
• air.

In Part IV, Dr. *Home* considers the methods of opening and
pulverising the soil; the effects of the atmosphere, change of
species, ploughing, composts, and vegetation, under which article
he hazards the following hypothesis:

• But

‘ But how shall we account for the different external forms of plants? Shall we fly to the immediate hand of the Supreme Being? or, as this ought to be the last step in philosophy, can we find no chymical agents capable of this effect? From many experiments, which show the natural inherent power in salts, especially the nitrous kind, to run into vegetations, as they are called, and to take the figure of plants, with branches, leaves, nay even an appearance of fruit, owing to the strong attachment subsisting between them and water, I have often been led to think, that the vegetative power of plants, nay, their particular forms of vegetation, were owing to that vegetative power inherent in their salts. In effect, we see that vegetative power strongest when most salt enters their vessels; that is to say, in the spring.’

In the last part, he treats of weeds, of a wet soil, of rains, of faulty seed, of diseases incident to plants, and concludes with a plan for the further improvement of agriculture. ‘ Let a committee of the *Edinburgh* society, (says he; p. 176.) not exceeding five persons be named for the branch of agriculture alone, whose duty shall be, to receive single and detached experiments, put them in a proper dress, if they stand in need of it; and publish them to the world at stated times, like a public paper. This manner of appearing seems well calculated to raise a spirit of experimental farming over the country.

‘ The narrator, on his part, should deliver the experiment in the plainest and most distinct manner, and separate the facts from his reasonings. Perspicuity and exactness are the chief beauties in experimental writing. The plain fact should be first told, with all its concomitant circumstances; such as, the situation of the ground, nature of the soil, previous culture of it, quality of the seed, county where the experiment is made, state of the air, at sowing and after, with regard to heat and cold, drought and rain, wind, &c. The reasoning on the experiment should then follow, and should be such as arises naturally from the experiment. Although it is not necessary to mention any name to the public, yet the experiment, when delivered, should be subscribed by the person who made it, to avoid all imposition.

‘ In order to increase the spirit of experiment-making over the country, I would propose, that this committee should have it in their power, to grant one or more honorary or lucrative premiums, to those who shall have delivered the most ingenious and useful experiments in agriculture. It is in this way, I think, that the premiums designed for agriculture should be established. They ought to be, not on such subjects as the farmer is naturally led by his own gain to pursue; for such he will generally follow, to the utmost of his knowledge and abilities; but on such as are not so nearly connected with gain, and make him go out of the common road. This confinement may, however, be too great

at

- at first setting out ; and it may be more adviseable, to admit all experiments for some time, till the spirit be once raised.
 - The happy consequences of this scheme are very evident.
 - Farmers will begin to see the only method of cultivating this art with success ; they will attend to minute circumstances to which they never did before ; they will be fond to communicate the issue of their experiments to the public, when they can do it in that easy and concealed way ; they will have a dictionary of facts to consult upon occasion ; and will be able to draw advantage from both the good and bad success of others.
 - We cannot but approve of this laudable scheme, which we hope will be put in execution. We think this small performance contains many valuable hints which may be improved by other philosophers, and therefore we recommend it to the notice of the public.
-

ART. III. DU PLESSIS'S Memoirs : Or, *Variety of Adventures. Interspersed with Characters and Reflections moral, satirical, instructive and humorous. With a Description of some Strolling-players, amongst whom the Memorialist travell'd a while, before his last Departure from England.* In two Volumes. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Reeye.

Nos hæc novimus esse Nihil :
Sed quot Homines, tot Sententiae.

THE author of *Du Plessis's memoirs* must be a very impudent fellow, to tell us, as he does in his motto, that he knows them to be worth nothing, *Nos hæc novimus esse nibil*, and yet to impose them upon the town ; for without flattering him, we can safely declare, that not one of his *characters* or *reflections* are either *moral*, *satirical*, *instructive*, or *humorous*, although all these effects are promised us in the title page. And in this judgment every man of common understanding, we are persuaded, will join us, without destroying the force of the old proverb, *Many men many minds, Quot homines, tot sententiae.*

M. *Du Plessis* was the son of a *French hugonot*, who was entertained by lord *L.* as his steward ; in which office he made a handsome fortune, wherewith he turned smuggler, taking upon himself the management of the cargo of a sloop trading to *Holland*. In his voyage home he was boarded by some *Cornish coasters*, who murdered all the crew, except three men that leaped over-board, only one of whom reached the shore, and our author saved his life by hiding himself in the hold among some puncheons of brandy. Thus he had an opportunity of becoming a witness against the villains, who were all hanged upon bringing the ship into port. This is a disgusting improbable story, strangely imagined, and badly related.

Old *Du Plessis* having reduced his fortune pretty much, died soon after, nor did his wife survive long; they left our hero, or memorialist, as he calls himself, to the care of two guardians, between whom, and his own imprudence, he led but an indifferent life, to better which he shipped himself off for *America*. Here he fell into the hands of a very severe master, and after suffering many hardships, not worth relating, he got back again to *England*. His reception by his guardians on his return was so indifferent, that he was reduced to great distress. He now took lodgings at a poor blacksmith's house, where relating one night some misfortunes that had newly befallen him and a companion, that he had picked up, altogether as happy as himself, the good woman of the house broke out into the following *decent* reflections.

' It was a terrible thing that a clever youthful, young man, as I was, should be so tosticated about, by a pack of cruel *marcanire* toads; but the devil would have the clapperclawing their A—es in h—ll for it, one day or other, she did not doubt.—For her part, she would sooner hang a dog she had any value for, than trust it to such keepers.'

Mr. *Du Plessis* then proceeds to tell us, how he entertained his companion as follows: We have quoted the passage to shew how closely attached this *good man* is to *modesty and good manners*.

' I told my landlady, that I had brought the gentleman, whom she saw, to take part of my bed (with her leave) he being an old school-fellow, whom I had accidentally met, and who had been the innocent cause of the misfortune at the public-house, of which I had before told her. She replied, the gentleman was very welcome; and he, to keep pace with her civilities, put a shilling into her hand, and begged that, if it was not inconvenient, she would be so good as to procure a quart of brandy-hot, with an egg in it. My landlady smirked at the sound, dropped a courtsey, and said, it should be got in a crack; but made an humble motion, that the composition might be strengthened with gin, for two very good reasons, she said: First, because as how every body agreed, that gin was much the wholsomer liquor; and secondly, because the same money would produce double the quantity of one, that it did of the other.'

' Her argument was so well founded, that we did not offer one word in contradiction; but, desiring her to call up her husband, we entered into a scene of jollity, that, for the time it lasted, seemed as though we had formed a quadruple-alliance against the force of all future care and vexation.'

' My landlord, having it seems received a small bill that day, swore that our shilling should not go bare a—d, and accordingly sent for two more, after the others were out. This happened to be his favourite liquor, and he had taken such potent draughts of it, that he rolled off his chair twice before the third quart was emptied;

emptied ; and, by the end of the fourth, was so incapable of helping himself, that we were obliged to undress and put him to bed. Whilst we were performing these good offices for him, he diverted himself and us, with singing as well as he could,

“ O juniper ! who wou’d be wise,
“ If madness be loving of thee ? ”

After some more adventures very immaterial, *Du Plessis* joined a company of strolling actors, and as he has exerted all his humour in describing their stage and a play which they went thro’, we shall here insert the whole passage.

‘ The theatre was neither better nor worse than a large stable; three parts of which was, for the reception of the audience, divided into a pit and gallery, by a board nail’d a-cross, breast high. Their pit consisted of six rows, which were composed of long deals, laid crofs old chairs : the gallery of eight, made up in the same manner ; only by the help of some old trunks of trees, roll’d in from the adjoining orchard, and covered with earth, they had made an eminence to command the stage, which otherwise would have been scarce visible from that part. All this (to save the company charges) had been generously undertaken and effected, by one who play’d several of the fine gentlemens characters, and was following the occupation of a journeyman-carpenter, at what time glory hinted the pursuit to him of a different track.

‘ I was told, that at the next town Mr. Hack-well proposed to open with a new curtain, which I could not help saying I thought they stood in need of ; what they had then, being only a parcel of different colour’d dabs borrowed from their landlady, and which those gentlewomen of the company that were acquainted with the use of a needle and thread, had ingeniously tacked together.

‘ They had but two rolling-flats, as they call them; viz. scenes that take up and let down occasionally, in the same manner as the curtain ; the one representing a church, the other a prison : so that their audience were sure to be perpetually kept in mind of a wife and a hangman. The wings, that should have match’d these flats, were in number four ; their composition stain’d paper, but so old and dirty, that what they had ever represented it was then impossible for the best decypherer in the world to guess.

‘ The humility of the ladies I could not enough admire, who, notwithstanding the great number of renown’d characters they so frequently appeared under, were yet so regardless of pomp and dignity, as to condescend to adjust their têtes by small modicums of looking-glass, fastened to the hay-rack—and one dressing box served them all.

‘ The manager, Captain *Plume*, had he known one entire spesch of his part, had been tolerable ; but, for want of that, substituted so many scraps of every different piece that he could recollect, as

' compos'd a jargon enough to have puzzled the most profound connoisseurs of the drama, to have guessed at what he had been about. His first dress was proper enough, being the same that he had travelled in, with the addition of whip and spatterdashes; but his next, (and the very best suit that he had in his wardrobe) was a second mourning frock trimm'd with black frogs, a very dirty blue fattin waistcoat lac'd with copper, velvet breeches (brought with him from *London*) and black silk stockings; he having but two pair of white, which were both dirty.

' His good friend, Mr. *Worthy*, was personated by a man, who had been struggling with the vicissitudes of fortune upwards of threescore years; and, to add to the real distress with which the severest penury had sufficiently mark'd him, he wore an old coat, once black, of thread-bare and russet aspect; and the antiquity of its make, gave it the appearance of one that had regularly descended from the use of one undertaker to that of another, for a century and half at least. It was besides, much too big for him every way, and hung down to the calf of his leg. A waistcoat of the coarsest scarlet duffel, with several cases without molds, and some molds without cases, patch'd and dirty; black leather breeches, with a gloss on them that they had no original right to; blue-grey stockings, with several darns above his shoe; which, lest they might pass unnotic'd, were some of them done with a different colour'd worsted; a shabby hat and wig, black stock, dirty shirt, and dirty shoes; all contributed to furnish out the most compleat melancholy figure, that, I thank my stars, I ever beheld.

' Captain *Brazen*, was a little, pert, *Birmingham* blacksmith; who, preferring pleasure to profit, and wantonness to industry, had joined the company, when they were playing somewhere near that town. This fellow danc'd about the stage like a pea upon a drum-head. His stature (as before observ'd) was diminutive; his face much scarified with the small-pox; nose and lips like an *African*; and, in his dress (which was red bays trimm'd with gilt leather) he seemed not an unlike copy of the *Knave of hearts*.

' Serjeant *Kite*, as to his performance of the character, was very well; he being perfect master of his words, not uneasy in his gesture, of good size, and manly visage, but most contemptibly habited. His cap and the head of his halberd were of the same manufacture, viz. cartridge-paper, fashioned by a bookbinder's apprentice, whose ingenuity had never let him rest quiet, until he had robb'd his master, broke his indentures, and incorporated himself with these great people. The other part of the halberd in its less honourable days, had been distinguished under the title of a mopstick; which, not being quite long enough for the purpose, had been ek'd out at bottom by the friendly assistance of its cousin-german, the broom-stick. The colour of his garb was scarlet—So far proper—but had not the 'Squire come to the play that

‘ that night, I can’t say what his regimentals might have been, for he wore a great coat belonging to that gentleman ; the which he having thrown off, Kite made so free as to ask his leave to make use of, and the Squire was kind enough to grant the request : but however, I could not help observing an alteration in his muscles every time the serjeant exerted himself, for it was with great difficulty the coat was lugg’d on upon him ; tho’ he wore nothing under it, but a lamp-lighter’s waistcoat, without sleeves.

‘ Mr. Ballance was play’d by an old shabby-looking fellow, that had more the appearance of a turnkey than a justice of peace ; and so shockingly hoarse, that he could not utter a distinct word—that violent cold, I was informed, he caught by lying in the snow all night, about a fortnight before, for want of money to pay for a bed, on his return home from the last town the company had been in, about forty miles distant ; whither he had ran of an errand, to fetch Mrs. Hackwell an old fan, a pot of pomatum, and half a paper of patches, that she had left behind her, in a table drawer at her lodgings, in the said town.

‘ As for the low characters they were much better dress’d than play’d ; a lame stage-keeper doing one of the recruits, and the gentleman who perform’d the other (with Bullock) was so extremely diverted with himself, that the audience laugh’d to see him laugh—and that was all the occasion they had.

‘ The ladies of the company did not come short of the gentlemen, either in point of dress or performance—Mrs. Hackwell, notwithstanding she was upwards of fifty, paralytick, and one leg shorter than the other, with a voice as rough as a raven, and deportment dull as a beetle, play’d *Silvia*, because she was mistress of the company—She was dress’d in a full suit of black bays ; her head, breasts and stomacher, stuck full of those kind of *London* stars, that the country people don’t see every night, and are to be purchased for two and thirty shillings a pound, of that great assistant to love-sick heroines, and easy creditor of royalty distress’d, Mr. Hewson Scott, in *Little-Britain*. A delicate lappet head and double ruffles, very neatly cut in paper, in imitation of *Mechlin* lace, and then placed between two gauzes, which she told me was her own make and contrivance, convinced me that she was an ingenious woman, though a most abominable actress.

‘ Madam Melinda was slabbered out, by a girl of about fourteen ; whose head was abundantly too big for her body, and her tongue in proportion for her mouth—That accident occasioned her not only to spit in poor *Worthy*’s face, at every word she exchanged with him (that had been natural enough) but in every mortal’s that came within her reach—I was two or three times in very great pain for Mrs. Hackwell’s paper concerns.—Upon enquiry, they told me that she was the stage-keeper’s daughter, was a servant to the company, in the capacity of dresser, sweeper, &c. and was only used now and then as a stop-gap.—I thought, if she was put to the same use

at the next hedge, there would be no great damage done; for such a dirty-faced, mop-headed, low-liv'd, illiterate, poor soul, I never set my eyes on, before or since.—She was dress'd in a suit of yellow sattin, that had been turn'd and dy'd, 'till it look'd like a dishclout. It was rob'd and faced with silver tinsey, and spangled with greasy spots. To compleat the whole, and prove her taste, she had a dirty round-ear cap on her head, and a banging bunch of thyme, mint and winter-favorie by way of nosegay; which served to answer one good end indeed, the half hiding a scraggy neck, brown as a berry, and flat as a pancake.

Mrs. Lucy squinted, and had a bad set of teeth, but was the best actress of the whole. She played in her own cloaths, and of consequence was but indifferently dress'd.

Rose was a very unfortunate figure for that character, or indeed most others; being old and hump-backed, with a weazen-face, like a crab-apple. I was told, she was the relique of a noted legerdemain-man, who had been used to travel to all the fairs in *England*, and was related to Mrs. Hackwell, and on that account the widow had been admitted into the company; but was good for very little—which I made no dispute of. She had, however, this singular merit, that from head to foot she had dressed herself with an exact propriety, that bespoke her understanding somewhat of the matter.

This picture seems to be drawn by a person well acquainted with the wretched life he describes; the result perhaps of experience; and if *Du Plessis* acted no better than he writes, he would have no room to complain of being *damned*. Having lingered a good while with this and another set of vagabonds, he found means to get himself recommended to the royal *African* company, who sent him as an assistant to one of their factories on the river *Gambia*; where we wish him to remain in quiet, and not to perplex us with more memoirs.

ART. IV. *Mr. HERVEY's Contemplations on the Night, done into blank Verse, (after the manner of Dr. Young.) By T. Newcomb, M. A., 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Rivington.*

IN *Mr. Hervey's* contemplations, (a book greatly admired by some, and equally contemn'd by others,) there is a wildness of imagination and luxuriancy of thought, which in the opinion of many would have appeared to more advantage in the loose habit of verse, than in the awkward and motley garb in which he has thought proper to clothe them. *Mr. Newcomb*, sensible of the impropriety, hath shewn his taste and judgment by transplanting those flowers of fancy from the cold regions of *prose* to their natural soil, the garden of *poetry*, where, by his culture and improvement, they seem to promise a fairer bloom, and a more lasting beauty. Our author has

been

been careful to imitate Dr. Young in the harmony of his numbers and the melancholy flow of his verse, without deviating into the puerility and affectation so frequently to be met with in that unequal writer.

But that our readers may be enabled to judge how far Mr. Newcomb has succeeded in his attempt, we shall select a few passages from his *poem*, which, in our opinion, has great merit throughout.

Mr. Hervey in the beginning of his first *contemplation on night*, takes an opportunity of mentioning the glorious and decisive battle of Culloden : ‘ Methinks, (*says he*) every thing valuable, which I possess ; ‘ every thing charming, which I behold ; conspire to enhance this ‘ ever memorable event. To this it is owing, that I can ramble ‘ unmolested along the vale of private life, and taste all the innocent satisfactions of a contemplative retirement.—Had rebellion succeeded in her detestable designs ; instead of walking with security ‘ and complacence in these flowery paths, I might have met the assassin with his dagger : or have been obliged to provide for my safety, ‘ by abandoning my habitation.—Farewell then, ye fragrant shades ; ‘ seats of meditation, and calm repose ! I should have been driven ‘ from your loved retreats, to make way for some insulting victor. ‘ —Farewell then, ye pleasing toils, and wholesome amusements of my rural hours ? I should no more have reared the tender flower to the sun ; no more have taught the espalier to expand her boughs ; nor have fetched, any longer, from my kitchen-garden, ‘ the purest supplies of health.’

Mr. Newcomb’s paraphrase of this passage is as follows :

—Say, whence the transport springs !
From William’s arin, from fam’d Culloden’s field ;
Whate’er I now possess ; what blessings share
The gifts of heav’n, to sense or reason dear,
‘Tis to his toils and gen’rous love I owe
Each bliss, the smiling morn or dewy eve
Pour from their lap, the eye or heart to cheer !
That unmolested thro’ the silent vale
Of life I rove, not injur’d nor dismay’d
Or by the ruffian’s frown, or traitor’s rage ;
And in this blest and calm retirement share,
Each solid joy, which contemplation yields.

In vain, (*says Hervey*) might the vine spread her purple clusters ; in vain, be lavish of her generous juices : if tyranny, like a ravenous harpy, should be always hovering over the bowl, and ready to snatch it from the lip of industry, or to wrest it from the hand of liberty.

In vain the grape had redd'n'd to the sun,
 Open'd her purple clusters, and in vain
 Pour'd out her gen'rous juices, to make glad
 The heart of man, or chear the mourner's brow !
 If like a harpy, hov'ring o'er the bowl,
 Hell tyranny had stood and snatch'd the draught
 From the parch'd lip of industry and care !

There is something extremely picturesque in these lines :

Should man be vain at this dread midnight hour
 When silence reigns, the heav'n and earth would join
 To chide his levity—this awful gloom
 Should lift his soul on contemplation's wing,
 Sedate and solemn as the closing day ;
 Howe'er his social hours each eve are clear'd
 With harmless pleasures, let each night array'd
 In her dark sable habit toll the bell
 That wakes reflection ; serious thoughts inspires.
 Say, can the soul, which hovers o'er the tomb
 Each dreadful moment, choose a part more wise,
 Than, stealing from the giddy crowd each eve,
 From the gay round of folly, to reflect
 On life's short date, its nearness to the grave ;
 How soon eternity begins, how vast
 The debt she has to cancel, ere her peace
 Is sign'd in heav'n, which mercy scarce can sign ;
 Her guilt how weighty—and how weak her pow'r ?

The omnipresence of the divine being is so nobly described in the cxxxixth psalm, that every imitation of it must appear to disadvantage in comparison with the sublime original. Mr. Newcomb, notwithstanding, seems to have caught the spirit and piety of the inspired writer in the following lines.

“ Whither, my soul, when fearful to behold
 The Deity enrag'd, canst thou repair ?
 Where hide thee, that his eye may not pursue !
 If with the light'ning's haste, or tempest's speed,
 I choose the morning's wing, and climb the high
 Sublime of heav'n, there cloth'd in purest light
 The Godhead sits enthron'd—or should my fear
 Transport me to earth's centre, deep below ;
 There, in the dreary depths of hell is rear'd
 His dark pavilion, awful in the shades ;
 If to the eastern climes I rove, where first
 The rosy morn awakes, or to the west

Fly

Fly swifter, than, oh sun, thy swiftest ray ;
No climes, no heights above, or depths beneath,
The air, the sky, the deep abyss, that holds
The bounded ocean, all too thin to skreen
Thy footsteps from his eye, who with a glance
Cuts thro' ten thousand worlds—yet try once more,
If on the wings of thought thou canst convey
Thy self, beyond creation's utmost bounds,
To spaces which the sun has never view'd ;
Here circled with immensity divine,
Or clos'd within the hollow of his hand
I gaze—and dread to meet a God so near ! ”

Time now is fled—lost all its fleeting hours !
How short a stay the fugitive has made ?
Just like some modish courtly dame, who pays
Her visit, takes her seat—than bids adieu.

Our author has here trod so closely in the steps of his master, that *Tobacco* itself is scarce more * like him.

The verses at the close of Mr. † Newcomb's first book convey a lesson of morality, which we would heartily recommend to the consideration of this idle trifling age.

Chide if thou wilt, the arrow's tardy flight,
When bounding from the string ; or sweep away
The orient gem, the refuse of thy store ;
Throw majesty aside, lay crowns in dust,
Spurning the golden circle from thy brow,

Nor

* See *Tobacco*, a poem, by *Hawkins Brown*, in imitation of Dr. Young, &c.

† P. 37. of Mr. Newcomb's second book we meet with these lines :

Night's drowsy veil
The soul to thoughtless indolence inclines !
Concealing every object, which might keep
The sense awake, which now is hush'd to rest,
While silence o'er the wide creation reigns.
How gently treads each animal ; how still
The Darkness ? Motion's self almost at rest !
While man retires to his soft couch, to taste
The sweets of needful rest ; just such the care
Of the fond mother, hushing ev'ry noise,
When foldled in her arms, she gently lulls
The child, fond object of her love to rest.

The word *rest* is here repeated four times in the space of nine lines. A *drowsy* veil is nonsense, and *motion's self* being *at rest*, is unintelligible. We meet also with *sainty ray*, *bigh flavor'd bliss* ; *speaking the dumb language* ; *bissing poison*, and a few more unwarrantable words and phrases, which we could wish were removed. We only mention these blemishes that they may be expunged in the next edition, as we should be glad if possible to blot out every fault and inaccuracy from so elegant a poem.

Nor yet be blam'd—But ah, thy sacred hours
(Grav'd in heav'n's annals with a point of steel)
Waste not in vain—beyond the gem or crown
Their awful value; bearing to the sky
Reports each day of all we act below:
If well improv'd, sure pledges of our bliss,
If lost, the sad presages of our woe,

Mr. Hervey observes (p. 32 of his *Contemplations*) that night does not rush on us instantaneously, but increases by slow degrees; and, sending twilight before as its harbinger, decently advertises us of its approach. By this means, we are neither alarmed, nor incommoded, by the change; but are able to take all suitable and timely measures for its reception.

This thought clothed in its new poetical habit is extremely agreeable.

How kind the night, thus climbing to her throne
By gentle steps; how decent her approach!
Sending her harbinger, the twilight gleam
Before her, to proclaim her visit near;
That man, to meet the stranger might prepare,
And without dread expect th' approaching shade.

The folly of superstitious fears is thus strongly and poetically expressed.

The dark and lonely walk, night's solemn gloom,
Where spectres haunt, the visions of a dream,
Have pow'r to shake man's timorous heart, tho' soon
To drop mortality, and mount the skies,
Where none but unembodied essence dwells.

His boasted wisdom then let man resign,
Wisdom, than folly weaker, to revolve
On heaven's eternal king, without a fear;
Who terrify'd with spectres of a dream,
Smiles at a God, yet trembles at a shade!

Our author's reflections on hearing the toll of the bell at mid-night, are worthy of our attention:

What meant that tongue of death, that solemn knell;
At midnight thus, which cleaves the silent air!
With mournful accents laden, how it wounds!
Bursting the door, that opens to our heart,
It surely has a voice, which wisdom hears,
A message to the living, from the dead,
Its errand this to man—'In time prepare!

• The dread destroyer of your race is near !
• Your last great foe to life has long begun
• The chace ; each fleeting hour is gaining ground !
• Behold the victor's spoils---the paths he treads
• Are strew'd and cover'd o'er with hills of slain :
• The skull, the spade, the herse, the crawling worm,
• The sable coffin, and the wrapping shroud,
• The dreadful arms, that on his ensigns blaze !
• A scythe his weapon ; and his harvest man !
• This moment has his flying javelin laid
• Some victim in the dust---whose point shall soon
• Be levell'd, to transfix each mortal's heart.

In contrast to these melancholy suggestions, our readers will find
a little after ;

Say, are we pleas'd, with Philomela's song,
And wish to hear it oft'ner, nearer still ?
The stubborn heart subdu'd, the will resign'd,
The peace that conscience whispers to the mind,
Inspire the breast with melody more sweet,
A joy more pleasing, than the ravish'd ear
Drinks in, from Philomel's enchanting strains.

Our author's address to the moon, and the moral use which he makes of her several appearances, are, in our opinion extremely beautiful.

Awful and fair exemplar, who dost hold
A mirror out to man ! thy full and wane
Painting how clear, his fortune's ebb, and flow ;
Vicissitudes of giddy chance, by turns
That chequer human life with smiles and woe,
And mingle ev'ry pleasure with a tear.

Thy beams eclips'd, how many press to view ?
Her lustre, when most bright, how few admire ?

Thus in the blaze and sunshine of our fame,
When heav'n propitious beams its softest smile,
Fortune's indulgent favours pass the eye
Unheeded, unobserv'd ; but if our fate
Is dark'ned with a cloud, whose gloom obscures
Our former glories, see what crowds appear,
Who heedless of our bliss, when fully bloom'd,
Now throw a look of wonder on our shade !

—————thou, beauteous queen of shades,
Fair regent of the night, oh teach my soul

The high ambition, nobly to transcribe
Thy growing lustre; fairer thou, and I
More virtuous, each momentous hour that flies!

That we may not anticipate our reader's pleasure in the perusal of this poem, we shall not endeavour to confirm our opinion of it by any more quotations; and shall only observe, that in beauty of sentiment, fine imagery, and elegant description, it seems to us to excel most modern performances of this kind; tho' being of a serious nature and of the didactic species, it may not afford much entertainment to the gay world. The sober and thinking part of mankind will nevertheless be always pleased to see poetry made the handmaid of religion, and to find the muses engaged in the service of virtue.

ART. V. *The History of the Royal Society of London.* By Thomas Birch, D. D. Secretary to the Royal Society. Vols. III. and IV. 4to. Pr. 1*l.* 5*s.* in boards. Millar.

AS we have given an account of the two first volumes of this performance and of the design of the author, in our first number, it will therefore be less necessary to enlarge in our remarks upon this continuation. However we cannot help observing that the doctor, in the two volumes before us, has not been so studious to entertain his readers, by a select choice of his materials, as in the two former volumes; and by crowding his book with so many unimportant articles, has done a great prejudice to those that are of real consequence. This third and fourth volume (consisting together of 1078 pages) contain the transactions of the society for sixteen years only; *viz.* from January 1672, to January 1688. How many volumes therefore may we not expect, if the doctor intends to be as minute in his future publications. 'Tis not sufficient in a work of this kind, that the articles be compiled with *industry* and *fidelity*: The occurrences that are laid before the public ought to be interesting; otherwise the performance, instead of procuring to the learned and illustrious society that honour which it deserves, will expose it to contempt and ridicule. Tho' there is a great pleasure in observing the first dawning of what is now an established theory, and reading the guesses and conjectures of eminent men upon a new started hypothesis; yet where is the entertainment in finding it chronicled, 'That such a day an *Indian* bird's nest was presented by Dr. Allen.—January the 1st the society did not meet, this being new-years-day.' &c.—Of what importance to be informed that at such a meeting a letter was read by Mr. A. or a paper was presented by Dr. B. or to what purpose serves it to relate that Mr. N. read such a discourse, and to tell us in a note that it is published in the Philosophical Transactions, or in Mr. Hooke's Philosophical Collections. The volumes,

volumes, besides being filled with many unimportant articles, are likewise unnecessarily enlarged by the absurd manner in which they are printed; there being in some pages as many vacant spaces as lines; and the shortest proposition, such as, *A letter from Dr. Grew was read, or, The President took the Chair,* frequently occupies the room of three lines. Tho' the doctor by his over-scrupulous care has rendered his book very unentertaining, yet the lovers of natural knowledge, and those who will not be disgusted with the faults above-mentioned, will find a great many articles well worth their perusal, which if they had been collected by themselves in a small volume would have been a valuable present to the public, but being enveloped with a *farrago* of trifling anecdotes, may be still said to be unpublished.

There is something curious in the following letter from Dr. *Hierne* at *Paris*, to Mr. *Oldenburg*, secretary of the society, giving an account of a method of reviving animals drown'd; ' Having the honour to be a member of the illustrious Royal Society, I think myself highly obliged to contribute what I can (though that can be but very little) to the advance of their design. Though I have met with many curious things, since my leaving *England*, yet I do not think them of importance enough to present you with them; yet among them there is one thing, which seems philosophical enough and useful, if it could be brought to perfection and into practice; that is, a way of reviving animals drown'd, and that even after they have been so, many hours. Here is one, that hath already made some experiments concerning it. He made one, two or three months ago, which succeeded in part. He took a dog, which having been drowned three days before, he made him stir, though he brought him not quite to life again. It was thought, that the reason why he revived not altogether, was, because the dog had not been drowned in a river, but in a barrel, in which there was not air enough to entertain life. This person maketh as yet a secret of his art; but, I know, that in *Finland* and the neighbour countries it often comes to pass, that persons, after they have been drowned two or three days, come to life again. The main of the art consists in the manner of drawing them out of the water; about which I once discoursed largely with Mons. *Leyonberg*, the resident of *Sweden*. In short, it is this; that as soon as they have found the person drowned, they draw him up very gently towards the surface of the water, yet without bringing him hastily into the air, to the end, that the raw and gross air may not get into him impetuously, and mingle with the water, that is yet in the lungs; and lest, when the circulation of the blood comes to be made again, the blood does not burst the pulmonic veins, and so by the crudity of the water, the vital warmth of the heart be not extinguished: whence it is observed in almost all drowned persons that are not drawn up with that care, that the blood issues out of their mouth; which also happened to the dog above mentioned;

tioned; and when that case happens, there is not any hope left of recovery. Wherefore the *Finlanders* having found the drowned body, they draw him gently towards the surface of the water, and presently cover him with a thick cover, and carry him into a hot stove, where they put him upon a tun, and roll him gently to and fro, beginning first with a very gentle motion, and afterwards by degrees increasing the agitation, whereby the water comes out of the mouth, nose, and other orifices. And the water being come away, and the pores opened, they rub the patient with hot linen cloths, and use other fomentations, and then he begins to live again little by little; and after some days or weeks (some sooner; some later; according to the force and constitution of the patient) they often are revived. It is observed, that those, who thus escape, have lost much of their vivacity, and that they are afterwards almost always very dull, and that their memory is much impaired; which doubtless happens because the blood hath been plentifully cast into the head, and so disorders the functions of the brain and spirits: to which also may much contribute the coldness of the water entering into the nose and ears. But to return to the *Parisian* artist, I do not yet know the means he useth: I know only thus much, that he maketh use of clysters, the better to evacuate the water out of the bowels, which is not practised in the countries I spoke of. This I know also, that he puts ashes over the body, which doubtless he doth in imitation of what happens to flies, which are revived being put in warm ashes, after they have been drowned. Perhaps the ashes may open the pores, and by their sharpness may somewhat irritate the spirits, and bring them into motion again, the which yet, I think, may be better done by rubbing them with hot cloths.

Before I conclude my letter and this account, I cannot but impart to you one thing more relating to this matter: Mons. *Oxburwen*, a *Swedish* gentleman, very judicious and of great veracity, hath lately assured me, that some years ago, in the parish of *Botnare* in *Sweden*, the place of his residence, situate three leagues from *Joukoping*, a youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age fell into the water when he was fishing, whence he was not drawn up till the third day after, and was recovered after the manner above described. And he added, that the lad said, he had lain in the water without any trouble, hearing what was said concerning him above water, and relating what his father had said in seeking him. But he lived but six months after this accident, and was quite changed in his temper, being very melancholy; whereas before he was very cheerful. Another *Swede* assured me likewise, that being at *Upsal* he fell also into the river, whence he was drawn up an hour after, having heard, during the time, all what had been said on the river-side.

I could tell you many more histories of this nature, but I would not be tedious. You know what *Stiernbem*, a *Swedish* counsellor,

one

one of the Royal Society wrote to you a year ago, of a gardener, that was fallen into the water near that town, and how he was revived a good while after.

I shall only add, that though those, that are hanged and strangled, die soon, yet that is another thing, because there wants not all air to a drowned animal, as there doth to one that is strangled. And although the lungs, by reason of the abundance of water gotten in, cannot perform their function; yet since the water cannot enter into the heart, nor the arteries and veins, the circulation of the blood is not quite stopped, but only hindered; so that it cannot be made but very slowly and insensibly, after the manner as in apoplexies and hysterical suffocations. If the passage of the nourishment is obstructed, and that the chyle cannot pass, it is to be considered that the vital heat also is very weak in this vase, and consequently that the consumption of the blood, spirits, and nutriment is but small, and in a manner the same as it is in the bears of Lapland and Finland, which sleep whole months without eating anything. Mean time I acknowledge, that it is quite another thing, when persons fall into the sea, or into foul and troubled waters, the pores whereof are filled with other parts, and consequently cannot contain so much air as fresh and clear water doth."

We are sorry that the following ingenious invention has not been prosecuted, as it would be a means of perpetuating the performances of our excellent artists in painting.

Mr. Oldenburg produced from his Highness Prince *Rupert* a piece of marble, having several pictures of boys and trees painted upon it in such a manner, that all the out-lines of the pictures were exactly defined without any flowing of the colours abroad, and the colours fixed by the fire, and afterwards so polished, that they would be permanent, and last as long as the marble.

This was acknowledged by the members to be a very great improvement of what had been done at *Oxford* by a certain stone-cutter there; and that all, that had been performed before in this art, was not comparable to this degree of improvement.

Mr. *Hooke* remarked, that he conceived, that there were but two colours in this piece; and that he had a method of doing it with most colours, and to paint with them upon marble almost as curiously as with a pencil.

The following cure for deafness will no doubt appear singular to many of our readers; "Another of the company gave a strange relation, but a very true one, how a friend of his, a master of arts of the University of *Oxford*, who was exceedingly troubled with deafness, had found out a remedy for it, in great measure at least, by going into the belfrey of his college on the 1st of November last, where staying for some time among the bells (which are the biggest in town) he found his hearing so well restored that it continued with him near two months after; and decaying, he re-

paired

‘ paired to the same remedy, and recovered it again, as he constantly now does, as often as he finds that sense to fail him.’

We shall conclude our extracts from these two volumes with part of Mr. *Henshaw's* observations made in *Denmark* and in his voyage thither.

‘ The first thing I considered in my voyage was, that, when a ship of a considerable burden had sailed from us little more than a league or three miles (as the seamen judged) we lost the sight of almost all her hull or body, and in a short time after could see nothing but her masts and sails. I was standing then on the quarter-deck of a frigate of the king's, of fifty guns, called the *Portland*, where, as I guess, my feet were about eighteen foot from the water, consequently my eye five foot higher, and the highest part of the body of the other ship was, as I judged, about fifteen foot above the water. I had formerly, on the like occasions, satisfied myself, that it was the convexity only of the water, that thus took away the sight of a ship from us at so small a distance; but at that time, considering with myself, that if the circumference of this globe of earth and water we inhabit, were but, as it is vulgarly reputed, twenty-one thousand and six hundred miles (though I did not give myself the trouble to try, whether I was able to calculate what the sinus versus of an arch of three miles of that circumference might come to) it was highly improbable, that the convexity of so small an arch could be so great, as wholly to intercept the body of a ship fifteen foot high from an eye raised twenty-three foot above the water. Therefore having in my cabin three perspectives of Mr. *Cock's* making, fitted with day-glasses, the one of two foot, the other of four, the third of six foot length; I was resolved to try what they could discover to me; and accordingly, getting them in a readiness, when the next ship sailed by, just as, to my eyes, we lost the sight of her hull, I applied the two foot tube, and found I did recover sight of some part of her hull, with the four foot tube more visibly, and with the six foot tube about half her hull, as near as I could guess. I made the trial two or three times more, with much-what the same success, to my apprehension; which made me think, that if I had had a longer tube, I might yet have discovered some more of the hull, that before had disappeared; but I could not repeat this experiment so oft as I desired for my fuller satisfaction; for, what opportunity I had, was while we rid at an anchor wind-bound at the Buoy in the *Gunfleet*; and after that, by reason the war was already begun between *England* and *Holland*, we scarce saw a ship but what sail'd in our company, till we came to *Denmark*; so that, upon these small trials I made, it seems to me very probable, that the vaporous and thick air, that floats always above the surface of the sea, intercepts the sight of a ship at so small a distance as a league, much more than the convexity of

the water. That, which persuades me, there are continually such vapours hovering near the superficies of the sea, though the air appears never so clear above, and they themselves not perceptible to us, unless we look through them on some object at a known distance, is, first, those trembling steams we see every where arise plentifully out of the earth, in a bright day in summer, if we bring our eye near the earth, which we do not at all discover, if we stand upright; whereas the sea must needs exhale them in greater abundance when warmed by the heat of the sun, being a body so easily dissipable, that the very motion of the sea is sufficient to crowd out continually some smaller particles of it; besides what the winds constantly shave off, when they move horizontally on the surface of it, as we may justly conjecture by what they do on ways and wet linen, which dry suddenly in windy weather. And that it is in the nature of vapours to slide, and play, and hold longer together on a moist and smooth superficies, but dissipate and ratify when they get higher up into the air, may be evidenced by blowing tobacco on any liquor spilt on a table, especially if the liquor stagnate with a convexity.

The next remarkable thing in our voyage was, that being driven by a south-west wind to near sixty degrees of northern latitude, and coming to an anchor on the 1st of May, 1672, close under the coast of Norway, though the weather was very clear and calm, but cold, we saw the sun three evenings together, near his setting, of a perfect elliptical or oval figure; which sight, I confess, I was the more gratified with, because I have very many times in England attended on his setting at several seasons of the year, to that purpose, though I could never confidently say, I saw it of that figure till this time. The first, that ever we read of, that took notice of this admirable phænomenon, was Christopher Scheiner, the jesuit; who also first discovered the spots in the sun, who by chance found out this appearance at Ingolstadt in Bavaria, in the latitude of forty-eight degrees and forty minutes, in the month of September, 1612, as he was one evening at sun-set endeavouring to discover spots in the sun with his bare eyes. He was so surprised with so strange an appearance, that he could hardly believe his own sight, till he had verified it by many trials the winter following, especially by transmitting the appearance of the sun through an optic tube on a white paper in a dark room, the way he used to observe the spots in the sun by; but the greatest difference he could discover, at any time between the diameter of the sun's longitude and that of his altitude, as he calls them, (though I think the perpendicular and horizontal diameters be more intelligible) was seven minutes and forty-three seconds, reckoning the sun's visual diameter at thirty-four seconds; whereas in this elliptical appearance of the sun to us in Norway, the perpendicular diameter seemed shorter to us than the horizontal by at least a fourth part, as was judged, not only by myself, but al-

so by several able seamen and others that observed it with me ; that is, as far as we could estimate it by our bare eyes ; for we had no conueniency to try it *Scheiner's* way. At the beginning of March following, I observed the like elliptical appearance of the sun for two evenings together, as I went to take the air in my coach without the north port of *Copenhagen*, saving that then the perpendicular diameter seemed to me, and to two learned men that were in the coach with me, to be but one fifth part shorter than the horizontal diameter, and we were both times between the town and the sun when it appeared ; so that nothing of the smoke of the city was concerned in it. *Scheiner* was so taken with this phænomenon, that he hath written a pretty large treatise in 4to concerning it ; wherein he endeavours to shew the reason of this appearance by an oblique refraction of the light of a candle, through a glaſs, that has one superficies convex, the other concave, both ground on segments of the same sphere : but because every man, that desires that satisfaction, may find it in his book, I shall forbear to give the particulars of his demonstration ; but if any one, here present, desires to save himself the trouble, I can tolerably make it out with a glaſs in my pocket.

After a tedious paſſage of ſix weeks at ſea by reaſon of calms, and contrary winds, that is easterly winds, which commonly in this part of the world are predominant for three months of the year, that is *February*, *March*, and *April*, we arrived the 15th of *May*, 1672, at the town of *Elſineur* in *Zealand*, moſt pleaſantly ſeated on that ſide, which has the greatest command of the *Sound* ; for though the entrance is four *English* miles broad, yet the deepest and moſt navigable part of it lies close under the walls of the ſtrong castle of *Cronenburg*, ſituate at the upper end of the town. The weather was pretty warm there, which made the channels of that town, which are not well contrived to carry off their fullage, ſtink ſo insufferably, that our heads and ſtomachs were muſt disordered by the ſinell. To refresh myſelf, as I hoped, I got ſome company to walk with me toward the ſhore, but there we were entertained with a higher degree of the ſame ſtink, which came off the ſhore, and ſo we found it almoſt all the way in our journey to *Copenhagen*, the high-way lying almoſt all the way very near the ſea ; it being otherwife the pleaſantest paſſage of twenty-five miles that ever I rode any where : and this ſinell is thus troublesome all the ſummer long, whenever the wind has ſat for three or four days from the ſhore on the other ſide. I enquired of ſeveral, though I confeſs no great philosophers, what was the reaſon of that ſtink : they could only tell me, that it was the nature of that ſea to ſinell ſo in the ſummer, but that I quickly found was not ſo ; for when the wind ſat north, ſouth or west, there was no ill ſmell at all ; having, during the time of my abode there, very often occaſion to paſſ by that ſhore, I took notice, that almoſt all along great heaps

heaps of sea wrack, or a sea weed, called in *England* kelp, such as they lay on the top of barrels of oysters, had been thrown up by the sea in stormy weather. This kelp, when there came no stink from the shore, I found was dry, and being taken up in my hand had scarce any smell at all, but when it stunk it was always wet, the wind from the opposite shore having dashed a great deal of sea water into it, which in the summer did quickly putrify and stink. It may seem strange to those, who have not been acquainted with the abominable smell of sea water pumped out of a tight ship (which the scent of this shore did resemble) that salt-water should be apt to stink; and it would have done so to me too, had I not seen the experience of it here in *England*, that sea-water kept a while in a tub will stink sooner and worse than rain-water: for though we find, that salt preserves flesh and fish, and such like things from putrefaction, because it not only dries up their superfluous moisture, which would quickly colligate their parts, and lead them to putrefaction, but by entering into all their pores, it constipates and consolidates their parts; yet salt in water being to perform neither of these offices, the heat, that is in salt, doth there co-operate with the warmth of the ambient air to promote putrefaction.

Denmark doth spontaneously produce beech-trees in as great plenty as *Sweden* doth fir and birch-trees. In all the provinces of Denmark, where I have been, I have observed not only fine groves, but goodly forests, consisting for the most part of beech, and fairer trees of that kind than I have seen any where, which is a kind providence, for so cold a country to be furnished with such store of excellent fuel. The oaks in *Zealand* are but few, and for the most part crooked, small, and not fit for timber; tho' in *Jutland* there is pretty store of them, and many of them of stately growth. There hath formerly, it seems, been greater plenty; for now oak timber is a commodity prohibited under severe penalties to be carried out of that king's dominions. Neither elms nor fir-trees grow spontaneously in that kingdom, and very few ashes; alders grow in moist places there, but only to shrubs; not have I seen an alder there big enough to make a hop-pole. Some few maples there are, and those but shrubs. There is great plenty of hazel every where in that country, but especially in the island of *Ween*, or, as the *English* call it, the *Scarlet Island*; so that they lade several barks in that country, at the time of the year, with nuts for *Holland*. I have been three times in that island; the first time I went on purpose to see what ruins were left of *Urania-Burgum*, or *Tycho Brahe's* astronomical palace, but it is now razed to the ground, and only some rubbish of the foundation left. The oaks there are strangely subject to be spoiled by lightning more than ever I observed in any other country. Where any oaks grow, though encompassed by beeches, I found a considerable number of them hollowed and burnt to a coal within by lightning, tho'

the outward shell grew, and bore branches, and not any of the beeches about them touched by lightening, that I could see. The same thing I found as I rode through great woods in *Jutland* too. At first I thought they had been set on fire so by poor people or boys to warm them, till I was assured the contrary, and found the like in every wood I came by. Fruit trees there are not many; yet, in the country, those that are, are planted by some few of the great men; the rest by *Germans* and *Hollanders*, that are become inhabitants there, for ornament of their gardens; the rest not being delighted with that curiosity, or loth to be at the charge, they having great plenty of apples brought to their markets by sea; at cheap rates, from *Mecklenburg* and *Pomerania*; yet the apples that do grow there, though they are not of very delicate taste raw, yet serve very well for tarts, and keep very firm and sound all winter; but the bergamot-pears that grow there are as good as those of *Holland*, which in my opinion are something more delicate than those of *England*. Those fruit-trees they have are wonderfully loaden with fruit in the season, because they never begin to blossom till the middle of *May*, when all frosts are over. Cherries grow there in reasonable plenty, but scarce ever grow quite red, and are of a sour taste. Apricots grow there too, but are great rarities, because they have no walls to their gardens; the king's own gardens being but fenced with deal-boards set up an end, but those apricots are little bigger than a man's thumb, though pretty well tasted. Peach-trees I never saw any there; some few vines they have for shade of an arbor or porch, which bear leaves, but never blow toward fruit. Of wild strawberry there is some plenty in the woods; but gooseberries never ripen thoroughly, but serve well enough for tarts: the currants or ribes grow very fair there, they having their plants from *Holland*, but never come to due maturity. Damask or red roses there grow none; but of province-roses great store, which flower from the middle of *June* to the middle of *September*; and in the season great store of pretty good tulips are brought to the markets; but the flowers, that most adorn and perfume their houses in *May* and the beginning of *June*, are the lily convallies, which grow in great plenty every where at that time. They have most sort of herbs that are sown every spring; but for mint, they are fain to content themselves with horse-mint, or cat-mint; for spear-mint will hardly grow there. For sage they have only wormwood-sage, such as was brought hither of late years from *Scotland* for a rarity. At the king's and queen-mother's gardens they keep in the stoves all winter among their exotic plants, as orange and lemon trees, &c. (which with that care will hardly live three years) bays and rosemary trees, gilly-flowers and stock gilly-flowers, our common sage, and several other plants, that endure the winter abroad well with us, but are not proof against the sharp

sharp long winters there ; yet short sprigs of rosemary are common enough in markets there, because they sow the seed every spring. But they have many sorts of roots, as carrots, turneps, parsnips, skirrets, which were as good as any where in the world ; but, above all, the cabbage of that country much exceeds that of more southern climates. In all the king of Denmark's dominions there grows no wheat, except (as I was told) a little in the island of *Laland* ; but they are supplied at easy rates from *Germany* and *Poland*. Of rye, barley, and oats, there is plenty, but the two latter, by reason of the early returns of wets and cold by the end of *August*, are commonly mowed before they are turned quite yellow ; and some years they are fain to dry them in ovens. The sheep of that country are most of them black, and the cattle almost all pied of several colours ; their flesh is sold very cheap in the market, but it is for the most part lean, they having no good meadows in *Zealand* ; there being but one brook in that great island, and never a river. There is little good fresh water in the island, there being but very few springs. The city of *Copenhagen* is served with water brought from a lake two miles off in pipes of bored deal timber ; but all the summer long it stinks so, and is so full of worms, that it is loathsome to wash one's hands and face in it ; and yet they have no other water to dress their meat with. Hay is there at reasonable rates, but not very good. Of hens and chickens and ducks there is plenty enough, but all sold lean in the markets ; so of turkeys and geese (pretty fat) I never saw greater plenty any where, but they sell none young ; no more do they of their pigeons, and it is but of late years that they have killed any calves. Rabbits there are none in the country, except a few tame ones, and the *Danes* have a natural abhorrency for them, or else the country were very proper to breed them. For fresh fish, beside what the *Baltic* sea brings almost to their doors, as plaice, whitings, flounders, codlings, and excellent soles, and great plenty of shrimps, the island of *Zealand* abounds with great lakes and standing pools, supplied with water by the rain falling from the higher grounds, which afford them great plenty of carps, pikes, eels, the largest breams and perches that ever I saw, fair tenches, which are eaten only by the poorer sorts, the rest despising them, because they have a tradition, that at some time of the year they are scabby, and have insects like lice found upon them ; which crosses the *English* proverb, that says, *as sound as a tench*. The crawfish of that country are at least twice as big as ours, and excellent meat : but the choicest pond-fish they have is a fish they call karouse, somewhat resembling a roach with his red fins, but it is near as big as the largest carps, but much better meat. All the summer time, that country is full of wild fowls, as swans, wild geese, duck, teal, widgeon, bald-coot, dive-dappers, sheldrake, moor-hen, wood-cock : the open grounds in *September* so full of green and grey plovers, that they rise in flocks of thousands as we pass

by them; but by *Michaelmas* there is not one to be seen, they taking their flights, as I suppose, to warmer countries; so that all the winter the king's huntsmen have much ado to furnish their master's table with a wild duck now and then; for at other tables they are not seen till *March*, when they are out of season, and ill meat. The king's forests are full stocked with large red deer, which carry as fair heads as any I have seen in *England*; the penalty being death to kill any of them without the king's leave. The woods abound with roe-deer, which are much bigger than those of the north of *England*, and are rather larger than prickets with us. Though they are very swift, they make no chace; for, being hunted, they quickly endeavour to hide themselves in a bush, and the dogs come and tear them to pieces; so the usual way is shooting of them. Every ordinary fellow there has the skill, with a leaf in his mouth, to make a call for them; and, as soon as they hear the sound, they will come four or five jumping toward the noise, and as soon as they discover the men, endeavour to run away again. They are a prohibited game, but, having a placart from that king to kill any roe or hare, I did now and then make bold with them. In *Jutland* there are store of wild boars, and in *Zealand* great plenty of hares; in the *Amaker* island, which is joined to *Copenhagen* by a bridge, they are as plentiful as in a hare-warren. I have many times seen ten or a dozen of them at one view: in the winter their flesh is very grey, and those that are then brought to the market from *Schonen* are perfect white, but both return to their natural colour in the summer: they are larger much than our hares, but are neither good to course or hunt. In *Denmark* they never eat any part of a roe, hare, or fat stag, but the chine roasted and larded; the rest they give the dogs. The heathy grounds of that country abound much with juniper and whortleberries; and the blackbirds, thrushes, and fieldfares, feeding on those berries and haws, are in the first part of winter the best and fattest meat that country affords. The first part of their winter, though it begin something earlier than with us, is wet and cold, but at the rate it is then in *England*; and any frost that begins there before *Christmas* seldom continues long. The last winter, which was counted the sharpest any man did remember, began but on the 14th of *January*; by the 28th the *Baltic* sea was frozen quite over, and store of people began to pass from side to side with hay, corn, and oxen; but the *Sound*, where there commonly runs a strong current, between the two castles, was not quite frozen over till the 8th of *February*, because there continued a high wind most time of the frost, which was the reason the great belt between *Zealand* and *Funen* was not quite frozen over all that winter, though all people accounted it a harder frost than when the late king of *Sweden* passed over that belt with his army of horse, foot, cannon, and baggage.

gage. On the 19th of February last I passed over on foot, between Elsenore and Elsenburg, with a great deal of company with me, and met, not only people passing, as thick as to a fair, with oxen, and waggons laden, but saw many soldiers dragging of great stones of near a tun weight a-piece. They commonly making use of that time of the year to place them under the walls of *Cronenburg-castle*, to help to break the force of the waves, which in stormy weather beats furiously on them. In several places near the way where we passed, the country people had made round holes in the ice of about four feet diameter; and, having set up a skreen of reeds to keep the north wind off them, so spent the whole day on the ice in fishing at those holes, with lines let down into them with hooks and baits at the end of them, I bought some good soles of them at one of the holes; but that which chiefly made me go out of my way to them, was, to see the thickness of the ice they had thrown up, which made me wonder, when I saw it was hardly six inches thick, that it could bear such great weights as passed over it: but I satisfied myself, that the water, being contiguous to it, did help to sustain it like a float. But, it seems, the frost sinks much deeper into the earth, than it does into water; for about the middle of that great frost, accompanying the body of an *English* woman, that was to be buried in a church-yard, I asked the grave-maker how deep he found the frost did usually penetrate into the ground; he told me a *Danish* ell and a half, which amounts to about three feet two inches and a half. But this church-yard was in the city, and encompassed with houses, where the cold air could not exercise its utmost power; and, therefore, possibly in the country the frost might sink yet deeper. However this penetration is remarkably deeper than with us about *London*; for, in that great frost, about five years since, not only my gardener, but several labouring men besides, did assure, that frost did not pierce into ground, that had been broken up, above six inches, and into grass-ground, much less. That the frost is much more penetrating there than in *England*, I had, not only the testimony of my sense, and the seeing so large a sea crystallized, but having, in a room in my house above stairs, several baskets of bottles of canary, claret, *Nordowrn* ale; the claret froze first, then the *Nordowrn* ale, and at last the canary. Their corks were heaved by the ice out of all the bottles, and the ice was much more spungy than that of common water frozen in bottles; but in all those bottles, there was some little part of the liquor left fluid, which, poured out, was much stronger than the drink whence it proceeded was at first; and when the rest of the ice was melted by the fire, it proved almost as insipid as water. I left all these liquors in their bottles, to be dissolved by degrees, when the thaw came; but, after all, they were never worth drinking. I set bottles of *French* brandy into the air a whole night to freeze, but

in the morning there were only some few icy particles floating in it: but I several times set some French brandy in a small silver dram cup to freeze in a north window: by morning it was frozen into a very spungy ice, and the spirit and strength of it was gone; what remained being of a very ungrateful taste. This frost, without any intermission, continued to the 12th of May; at what time, going to Elsinore to take order about sending home my goods by sea, I saw the Baltic full of floating islands of ice moving towards the sound; and, in the woods I rode through, I could not perceive any thing green. But so brisk and vigorous is the approach of spring in that country, that at my return, three days after, the ice was all gone or melted, the trees were full of green tender leaves, and nightingales singing every where in the woods, which sing there only in May, and not in April, as with us: and, at my first arrival there, it was a great surprizal to find nightingales, when in England I could never hear any above forty miles north of London; but yet, in my judgment, the nightingales there have not so great variety, nor such sweet notes, as with us in England.

To conclude, as there are many philosophical hints scattered through this whole performance, the reader will find it worth his while to separate the ore from the rubbish.

ART. VI. *Elegies. With an Ode to the Tiber. Written abroad.*
By William Whitehead, Esq; Register and Secretary to the Hon. Order of the Bath. 4to. Pr. 15. Dodsley.

MR. Whitehead's muse, who has been long admired for her elegance and simplicity, seems to have heighten'd her natural charms by a visit to the seats of learning and genius, and to return, like his illustrious * pupils, with improved taste and added accomplishments. Elegy is indeed a becoming dress, and where there is any share of native beauty will set it off to the best advantage.

The whole little collection consists but of three elegies, and an ode to the *Tiber*, the first of them was written at the convent of *Haut Villers* in *Champagne* in 1754.

Our author, after describing the fatal effects of war which had laid waste so rich and beautiful a scene, breaks out into a generous wish worthy of an English heart:

O may ever more
Thro' this sweet vale the voice of Discord cease!
A Briton hard to Gallia's fertile shore
Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

* George Buffe Villiers viscount Villiers, and George Simon Harcourt viscount Newnham, to whom the two last elegies are inscribed.

His address to the monks, in ridicule of their austenities, is just and natural.

Avails it aught, that war's rude tumults spare
Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
If niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,
You slight the joys their copious treasures yield ?
Avails it aught that Nature's liberal hand,
With every blessing grateful man can know,
Clothes the rich bosom of yon smiling land,
The mountain's sloping side, or pendant brow ?
If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,
If 'midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
You shun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feast !

Elegy the second was written at *Rome*, in the year 1756, on the mausoleum of *Augustus*, now a garden belonging to *Marchese di Corré*. The following lines are extremely poetical.

Perhaps, my *Villiers*, for I sing to Thee,
Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair scion of *Apollo's* tree
The sacred dust of young *Marcellus* lives.
Pluck not the leaf—'twere sacrilege to wound
Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade ;
In these sad seats an early grave be found,
And † the first rites to gloomy *Dis* convey'd.

His application of this thought in the close of the elegy by an address to the young nobleman is prettily imagin'd.

Be thou *Marcellus*, with a length of days !
But O remember, whatsoe'er thou art,
The most exalted breath of human praise
To please indeed must echo from the heart.
Tho' thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,
By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd ;
'Tis from within alone true fame can rise,
The only happy is the self-approv'd.

In his third elegy, inscrib'd to lord *Neuynham*, our readers will not be displeased either with the tutor or the poet, where he says,

To me 'tis given, whom fortune loves to lead
Thro' humbler toils to life's sequester'd bower ;
To me 'tis given to wake th' amusive reed,
And soothe with song the solitary hours.

But

He is said to be the first person buried in this monument,

116 Mr. WHITEHEAD's Elegies, with an Ode to the Tiber.

But thee superior soberer toils demand,
Severer paths are thine of patriot fame ;
Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
Have given thee honors, and have each their claim.

If there is a fault in these lines it is, perhaps, in our author's fondness for alliteration, which is rather too visible in the first stanza. The elegy concludes with a piece of advice, which we heartily recommend to the consideration of the young British nobility.

Whatever of *Greece* in sculptur'd braes survives,
Whatever of *Rome* in mould'ring arcs remains,
Whatever of Genius on the canvas lives,
Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains,
Be these thy leisure; to the chosen few,
Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford;
Their arts, their magic powers with honors due
Exalt; but be thyself what they record.

We come now to our author's ode to the *Tiber*, written on entering the *Campania* of *Rome* at *Otricoli* in 1755. Mr. Whitehead seems in some parts of it (for it is unequal) to have caught the true classic spirit, as will appear from the following stanza, which is, in our opinion, the best.

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
And tremble in thy golden stream?
Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
That rush'd impatient to the war,
Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
And hail'd the passing car?
Along the * solitary road,
Th' eternal flint by consuls trod,
We muse; and mark the sad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days!
For these vile wastes, we cry, had fate decreed
That *Veti*'s sons should strive, for these *Camillus* bleed?
Did here, in after-times of *Roman* pride,
The musing shepherd from *Soracte*'s height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deserted plain
The hero strove, nor strove in vain;
And here the shepherd saw
Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
While *Rome* majestic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.
* The *Flaminian* way.

Upon the whole, we think there is taste, elegance, and correctness in the performance; and that these *Italian* flowers will form a pretty additional wreath to bind the brows of the author of *Creusa* and the *Roman Father*.

ART. VII. *An enquiry when the Resurrection of the Body, or Flesh, was first inserted into the Public Creeds.* By the late Arthur Ashley Sykes, D. D. Published from the Author's Manuscript by his Brother G. Sykes, A. M. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Millar.

THE late learned Dr. Sykes, to whom the world is already oblig'd for several excellent performances, having left behind him this little tract finished and prepared for the press, his brother Mr. G. Sykes has here laid it before the public. It contains an enquiry when the resurrection of the body, or flesh, was first inserted into the public Creeds, and seems principally intended to prevent the frequent discussion of that useless and impertinent question mentioned in the *Gospel*, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" In which fruitless contention so many have already bewildered themselves,

"And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

The substance of what the doctor has advanced on this head, is as follows:

The creed commonly called the Apostles Creed, has no right to that title, not having been composed by them in its present form, but made up at different times, partly from the articles required in the New Testament in order to baptism, and partly in opposition to heretics who arose in early days, and partly in opposition to gentilism, and the doctrines introduced by such as were made converts from thence. The very short creed, which at first was deemed sufficient to entitle men to baptism, was no other than a faith in *God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his Son our Lord, and in the Holy Ghost.*

The insertions, of *The holy catholic church, the remission of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting*, did not make part of the baptismal creed before the middle of the IVth century. And as to the article of the resurrection of the body, bishop Pearson cites no authority for it earlier than *Ruffinus*.

There is not any such expression in the New Testament as *the resurrection of the flesh*; no, nor of what we have in our creeds in the morning and evening service of our church-liturgy, and in our catechism, *the resurrection of the body, or as it is in the baptismal creed, the resurrection of the flesh.* The scriptures often speak of *a resurrection*, and of *the resurrection of the dead*: but as to the *resurrection of the body, or of the flesh*, there is not one word. And there-

fore that such an article was required *at first*, to be professed in order to baptism, can never be proved.

To raise the dead is mentioned in many places, but still the body or flesh is never said to be raised again. As to the words *τὴν ἀπολύτησιν τὸν αὐτοῦ σῶμα, Rom. viii. 23.* They relate to that state of happiness which we are now *hoping* for, and which we are hereafter to enjoy; it is not a *resurrection* of our bodies, but a *freedom* or *deliverance from the bodies* that we bear about us, that the apostle has in view. And indeed when the question was put concerning the *resurrection*, (which was thought by some as impossible as to make twice two equal to twenty) when the question was—*With what body shall they come?* the apostle does not answer, that men shall rise with their *present bodies*, or in the *flesh* which they bore about them, either *in their lives*, or at their *deaths*, but he treats the curious enquirer with no great compliment, and answers, *Thou fool*, and adds, *that God will give us such a body as he thinks proper on such occasion.*

Where the apostle speaks of Christ as the Saviour of the body, *Eph. v. 23.* he does not mean the body of flesh which we bear about us, but a body mystical or political, of which Christ is the head; *viz.* the church. And again, where it is said, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your *mortal bodies*, the meaning is, he shall *make you mortify* the deeds of the body, and live according to the spirit. The apostles therefore never said any thing of a *resurrection of the flesh or body*, but left such matters to be found out in after-times.

Soon after the middle of the second century, disputes arose about the *resurrection*; the *Heathens* objecting to the possibility of it, and the *Christians* endeavouring to answer the objections they met with. The enquiry was, whether there was to be a *resurrection of the soul alone, or of the whole man, consisting of body and soul?* And then a second question was, whether the *flesh*, the *very flesh* which now we bear about us, was to be raised up again?

This was the opinion of *Theophilus* bishop of *Antioch*. *Athenagoras* and *Irenaeus* wrote in defence of this opinion: in the latter of these we meet with a shorter and longer paraphrase of the grand principles of the gospel drawn up almost like *creeds*. But as they do not agree in *words*, nor consist of the *same articles*, but differ in many instances, they cannot be looked upon as *creeds* of any church, but as summaries of the doctrines of christianity.

The *resurrection of the flesh* began about this time to be a currently received doctrine, though not an article in any public creed. *Tertullian* in his third form or rule of faith, which he lays down in his book *de Prescriptione Hereticorum*, concludes thus; “He (Christ) shall come in glory to take the holy to the enjoyment of life eternal, and judge the wicked to everlasting fire; both parts of us being raised up with the restoration of the flesh.” *Tertullian* undertakes to prove that this rule was instituted by Christ, but *Tertullian*

tullian delivered in his own words what he took to be the *sense* or general doctrines among Christians; and as he was a zealous assertor of the *resurrection of the flesh*, and had wrote professedly for that notion, it is not to be wondered at, that he should treat this opinion as a doctrine of Christianity, tho' it was no more than his own *explication* of the doctrine of the gospel, in his warm way made to be an institution of Christ's.

It is certain however, that the controversy about the resurrection of * the flesh did not begin till the middle, or near the end of the second century; from which period nothing material pass'd till the time of *Origen*, *Anno 240*, or thereabouts; who, in a form which he drew up in the nature of a creed, never mentions the resurrection of the flesh. From whence one may reasonably infer that no creed in his time contained any such notion. *Cyprian* likewise takes no notice of any such article in the baptismal creed of his time.

We come now to the fourth century, where the first creed that occurs is that drawn up by *Alexander of Alexandria*. Soon after, that is in 325, the famous council of *Nice* was called. The creed there established was made the standard of true faith for many years: but this ended with the words "Come again to judge the quick and the dead, and in the Holy Ghost." This was all the creed: there was not one word of the resurrection of the flesh, nor was it yet an article of the creed.

The first creed wherein we meet with the resurrection of the flesh, was drawn up by *Arius*, to engage the favor of the emperor *Constantine*; whereinafter the words "In the Holy Ghost," is inserted "and in the resurrection of the flesh, and in the life in the world to come, and in the kingdom of heaven, and in the catholic church of God from one end of the earth to the other." In this creed it is observable, that not only this article of the resurrection of the flesh, but some others are professed which were never in any antecedent one. It may therefore raise a just suspicion that some artifice was used to secure an interest with the emperor by the insertion of them. It was drawn up to serve a particular occasion; and never used in the church as a *baptismal creed*; and tho' it contains in it the article of the resurrection of the flesh, yet that doctrine

* The Dr. in this place gives us his own opinion concerning the resurrection of the flesh; 'tis very likely he might have shewn, that the resurrection of the flesh is nowhere taught in scripture: the resurrection of the dead is no ways liable to any of the difficulties which the other notion may be liable to. For may there not be a resurrection of the dead, without the resurrection of flesh? May not the dead person be raised to life, and have a body given to him suitable to the place he is to have? May not the thinking conscious person be restored, tho' he has not that restored which has no thought nor consciousness belonging to it? And why should Christianity be incumber'd with notions that the scriptures have not so much as once mentioned.'

trine did not prevail till after these times, so as to be inserted into any public creeds. However, it must be owned, that this creed was approved by a synod at *Jerusalem*, held in the 30th year of the reign of *Constantine*, A. D. 335, or 336, who, in a synodical epistle to the church at *Alexandria*, and to all the churches in *Egypt*, &c. gave them notice of their receiving *Arjus*, and those of his friends, to communion, upon their receiving this creed.

Certain it is, that all that follows the words *Holy Ghost*, in the Apostles creed, was added even after A. D. 344, when the long creed, called on that account *μακρόστιχος*, was sent into *Italy*; nor was this article inserted in any public creed before the creed of *Constantinople* in 381. One cannot help observing therefore,

1. That among all the numerous creeds here produced, there is not one in any part of the world earlier than the fourth century, in which the resurrection of the flesh is mentioned at all. It was before that time indeed the subject of controversy, and learned men debated the question, some professing their private opinion, that the very bodies they bore about them were to be raised; that the bodies that sinned were to suffer.

2. The spurious creed forged by somebody under the name of *Athanasius*, and is commonly called the *Athanasian Creed*, has this article: but then it is on all hands agreed, that this forgery was not at soonest before the fifth century.

3. One may easily conceive to what lengths this article was carried, when in the creed of the *Aquileian* church, it was expressed, I believe, “*Resurrectionem huius carnis*,” the resurrection of *THIS flesh*: contrary not only to the doctrine of scripture, but to all other creeds that ever were formed in the whole world.

4. As the *Roman* creed is the shortest creed of all others, and has omitted several things that are in the *Aquileian* creed. This ended with the *resurrection of the flesh*; and the oldest copy we know of this creed, even so late as A. D. 703, had not what it now concludes with *life everlasting*, Vid. *Usser. de Symbolis*. But the article of the resurrection of the flesh was not in it when the council sat at *Ariminum*.

This is the sum and substance of what our learned author has advanced on this head, which he concludes with the following very just and sensible observations.

‘ In all points (*says he*) which depend upon revelation, men should confine themselves rigidly to the scripture language, and not to be wise above what is written. When men recede from that, and add *human* doctrines to *divine* ones, they always involve themselves in difficulties unsurmountable. If the curiosity of idle or vain people had not led them to a particular explication of the general article of the resurrection of the *dead*, how many disputes had been avoided? If one looks into the history of this doctrine, one cannot but see, that tho’ our baptismal creed is now determinate for a belief of the *resurrection of the body or flesh*, yet

yet three hundred and fifty years passed before there was any such notion required to be professed in the christian church: and so long as all are taught to believe, that *all are to be judged, quick and dead*: that *all are to stand at the judgment-seat of Christ*, and that he will come again, and render to every one according to his works, is it not raising an idle question to ask, *with what bodies shall we come?* And if any one answers such a question, by saying—in *THIS flesh*—does he not assert more than revelation has taught him, tho' it is what nothing but revelation can assure him of? And should the consequence be, what actually has been, that unbelievers raise an objection against christianity itself, *believers are answerable for it, as teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.*

The growth of infidelity has long been the subject of great complaint amongst serious well-meaning people: may it not be worth considering whether the true cause of infidelity does not lie amongst those who profess a faith which they call christian, and which is found inconsistent with reason, and even common sense? Every one that examines at all, will see additions made to the great articles of christianity. How many *additions* were made to what the gospel of Christ has said, concerning the Son and the Holy Ghost, in the several creeds framed in the fourth century? This possibly was then done with a good design to fence in, and to secure a right faith: but whatever was the design, it has been attended with consequences fatal to christianity itself. The fences have been considered as the *thing fenced in*; and when men have seen things that they cannot comprehend or understand, taught as fundamentals of christianity, it is natural to reject what is unintelligible as impossible to be required by God: and thus must infidelity prevail. Whereas if one takes the religion of Christ as it lies in the word of God, it is *pure, peaceable, no ways contrary to reason, intelligible* by every body, so far as every body is concerned. The evidence for its truth is clear and plain, and easy. *The poor had the gospel preached unto them* at first, as well as the rich; and the poor are to be saved as well as the rich, and therefore the one can *understand* what is required of him by Christ as well as the other. But then if men will presume to take the word of God into their hands, and will new-mould and frame it as they think fit; and will make what is easy to be hard and unintelligible, and then will anathematise and persecute men for refusing to profess what they do not understand, there will always be infidelity covered under the mask of christianity; and christianity, or what is called so, will be slyly or openly attacked; and till it is professed pure and uncorrupted, it must have its enemies; and if offences arise, *wo unto him by whom the offence cometh.*

ART. VIII. *The Second Part of Mr. Bower's Answer to a scurrilous Pamphlet, &c. With Remarks on the Six Letters, proving them to be forged.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Sandby.

Ecce iterum Crispinus — Juv.

THE forces which Mr. *Bower* has hitherto collected against his adversary seem greatly to resemble those heavy *Russian* armies, which are so long in raising, and so slow in their march, that they are seldom of any great service to the cause which they are engaged in. This however is it seems our author's *corps de reserve*, which is to ensure him the victory, and give him an opportunity of singing *Te Deum* with his powerful friends at *H——y*.

We shall endeavour therefore to draw up his scattered troops, and reduce them to a close phalanx, that they may pass in review before our readers, who are best able to judge of their strength and prowess.

Mr. *Bower* had promised in the foregoing part of his answer to demonstrate the *Six Letters* ascribed to him by the *Jesuits*, to be as impudent, as absurd, as bare-fac'd a forgery as *Rome* or the emissaries of *Rome* ever attempted to impose on mankind, if false facts, false dates, and improbabilities bordering on impossibilities are marks of forgery. He begins therefore with the *false facts*, and asserts, 1st, that if he wrote those letters to father *Sheldon*, he, as well as the rest of the *Jesuits*, believed him at that time reconciled to the church and returned to his duty in the order: for no man can suppose that he would have corresponded with him as a penitent, if, unabsolved from the greater excommunication which he had incurred by joining in communion with a protestant church, he had still professed the Protestant religion, and refused as a *Jesuit* to return to his duty. But that he never was nor pretended to be reconciled either to the church or the order can be easily shown. For had he been reconciled to the church, he must have been present at mass on Sundays and holy-days, in compliance with one of her chief precepts: had he been reconciled to the order, he must as a priest and a *Jesuit*, have said mass not only on Sundays and holy-days but every day, agreeably to the laws of the society. But he never did say mass, &c. Ergo he never wrote the letters.

2dly, The *Papists* fix the æra of his reconciliation to the year 1744 or 1745, and say he continued a *Papist* till 1747, when he published his preface to the *Lives of the Popes*. But, during all this time he never complied with any of the precepts of the *Romish* church, but joined in communion with the church of *England*. The *Jesuits* therefore would never have corresponded with him as a penitent

tent and a Papist whilst he led the life of a * Protestant and a layman. *Ergo, Mr. Bower never wrote the letters.*

3dly, He could reap no advantage by returning to the Papists in 1745, because he was then in better circumstances than he had ever yet been, had an annuity of 94*l.* punctually paid him half-yearly, acquired every day more by his writings, and was honoured with the particular protection and friendship of several Protestants of rank and distinction. What could he then expect from the Papists? What advantage could he reap from his return to their church?

The salary allow'd by the order of the Jesuits to a missionary in this kingdom, is only 30*l.* a year, those in the country are allowed only 10*l.* a year for cloaths, and are maintained by the families they live with. It would have been extremely foolish therefore, to have given up all he had, and the hopes of all he expected from his § Protestant friends for such a trifle. This would have been to act like a fool and a madman. *Ergo, Mr. Bower did not write the six letters.*

4thly, He is said in the letters to offer himself as ready to go to whatsoever part of the world the provincial of the Jesuits should think fit to send him. But he was at this very time engaged in a treaty of † marriage, as many persons are now ready to attest. Now could he marry and go to the Jesuits. *Ergo, Mr. Bower did not write the six letters.*

5thly, In regard to the woman and child mentioned in the letters, no such woman or child have yet been produced; that he ever cohabited with a woman who brought him 1350*l.* either as a wife or a concubine, are evidently false facts, as he has here shown, though all this

* This argument of Mr. Bower's will carry very little weight with it when we come to reflect, that the best method which Mr. B—— could possibly take to serve the papists, was to conform, for a time externally, with the church of England: as, to gain confidence, has always been found the most effectual means to betray.

§ To this argument Mr. Bower's adversaries will probably reply, that they are far from imagining him so inattentive to his own interest as to return to Popery and the Jesuits for soaultry a consideration. They might, notwithstanding, beg leave to intimate to him, that his friends on the other side of the water, in spite of their vow of poverty, have it in their power, whenever he may think proper to return to the bosom of their church, to make him, (to use a city phrase) very warm in it.

† If Mr. Bower on his invitation to the feast of Popery, had excused himself, like the man in the gospel, by saying *he was married and could not come*, whether the Jesuits would have admitted this plea, we cannot pretend to determine: we have reason however to imagine, by his behaviour in a parallel circumstance, in regard to the woman who recovered 500*l.* of him for breach of promise. (See p. 59 of our last Review) that, if all other matters were settled, Mr. B. would not have broke with them on so trifling an occasion.

this is asserted or supposed in the letters in question. *Ergo Mr. Bower never wrote the six letters*, which are evidently an impudent and bare-faced forgery.

Mr. Bower having thus settled his *false facts*, proceeds to consider the *false dates* also as evidences of forgery.

1st Therefore, in the postscript to the farewell-letter he is made to say, “as to the place it will be a fortnight before the patent is made out.” Now, if this letter be genuine, a place was offered him before the 25th of *March 1747*, the day on which he published his proposals with the first page of the preface; for it is allowed that the farewell-letter was wrote before that time; but nothing is more certain than that no place was asked or thought of for him by any of his friends till after he had the honour of presenting to his Majesty the first volume of his history, which was on the 13th of *May 1748*. *Ergo, Mr. Bower never wrote the six letters.*

2dly, The pamphlet against him ascribes the vast solicitude he expres’d to get his money back, and the various inventions he employ’d for that purpose, to his being afraid lest upon his ceasing to profess himself a Jesuit, his annuity from the Jesuits should cease. But he had published his preface to the History of the Popes, which was ceasing to profess himself a Jesuit, near three months before the money was repaid him. *Ergo, Mr. Bower did not write the six letters.*

3dly, The letters are supposed to be writ in the years 1746 and 1747, but this was the very time when he was writing the* *History of the Popes*. No man therefore could think him capable of writing such letters to the Jesuits, and put it in their power to ruin his character with his protestant friends at the very time when he was provoking them in that manner: And all this merely to get back money which he did not want, and which he knew they would return to him. This would have been to act a most senseless part. *Ergo, Mr. Bower did not write the six letters.*

‘ As for the similitude of the hand-writing (*says Mr. Bower*) I will allow the six letters to be as like my hand-writing as the libeller pleases, since I have not yet been suffered to inspect them. But every lawyer will tell him, that instances are not wanting, not only of a promissory note or a subscription, but of wills and deeds much longer than these six long letters together, forged with such art that no man could distinguish the copy from the original. And truly, why may not an artist, capable of thus forging a promissory note consisting of two or three lines, forge a letter consisting of ten or twenty, and with time and by practice forge many more

* May it not be said with equal truth on the other hand, that in regard to some men, the surest way to make them your friends, is to shew them you have it in your power to be their enemy. On this supposition, what better time could Mr. Bower have chosen for a reconciliation with the Jesuits, than that very crisis which would make it so much their interest to admit of it?

more letters and longer? Or to what number of lines will the libeller confine that mischievous art?

As to Mr. Bower's hand being remarkable for its particularities, Mr. B. here observes, that it is more easy to imitate a bad hand than a good one, a hand that has many particularities, than a hand that has none. 'I have never been allowed (*says Mr. Bower*) to † inspect those letters myself, and many low subterfuges and pitiful shifts have been used to prevent me from having a sight of them. But one of my friends, who compared them with some manuscript sheets of my history, printed long before these letters were shewn, observed that tho' I form'd the letter *d* sometimes with a long open sweep, and sometimes short and with a curled top, yet the one was in far greater proportion in one manuscript than it was in the other; a nicety that seems to have escaped the attention of the skilful operator.'

Mr. Bower in this part of his defence lets us into a piece of jesuitical policy, which perhaps few of our readers are acquainted with; we shall therefore lay it before them in his own words; 'Had I writ those letters (*says he*) I should have taken care to prevent their having ever been shewn to any living soul. I needed only have prefixed to each letter the word *soli, to you alone*, which is the same thing with the Jesuits as *sub sigillo confessionis*, under the seal of confession, an inviolable seal. Thus the Jesuits write to their superiors, the general, or the provincials, when they want the contents of their letters to be kept secret: and the superior is bound to destroy the letter as soon as he has answered it, in the same manner as a confessor is bound to destroy or return to the penitent a written confession of his sins. No secretary, except the general's private secretary, dares read a letter to which the word *soli* is prefix'd, no more than the person, to whom it was written, dares show it. I said, *except the General's private Secretary*; for the general, to whom many such letters may come, as the Jesuits from all parts of the world apply to him, is allowed a private secretary, who may read those letters, and answer them as directed by him, but must keep the contents secret and destroy the letters when answered. Of this I could not be ignorant; and can any man think that I would not have taken so easy a method of securing myself from any publication of this correspondence, had I been so absurd as to have entered into it without any one rational motive?'

We shall pass over what Mr. B. by way of humour calls the *Po-pish Creed*, imposed by the libeller on his readers, as it contains only a summary or recapitulation of what he had advanced in the arguments above cited; and proceed to his last observation on the letters, where he assures us that the letters were designed for the

† Though we cannot see any great advantages that would accrue to Mr. B. from a view of the letters, we cannot but be of opinion with him, that he should have been indulged with the sight of them.

use of the Catholics, to discredit with them the History of the Popes, and hinder any converts from being made by it; or, at most, that by a dark whisper of there being such proofs of his insincerity, his character might be hurt among persons to whom he was not well known. But upon the unexpected and astonishing countenance given to them last year by two or three Protestants, without any further enquiry or examination than whether the writing resembled his, the Papists were emboldened to go a great deal further than they had intended, and further than (if he is not misinformed) some of the wisest of them think they ought to have done. The letters were publicly shewn to many persons of unquestionable zeal for the Protestant cause, and even to his most intimate friends, who, as soon as they got any positive information that they were to be seen, desired to see them, and saw evident marks of forgery in them. But, though *they were not* convinced of his having writ them, the libeller *was*, and undertook to convince the whole world, while the Papists stood by and rejoiced in the efforts of their Protestant champion.

Mr. Bower then complains hugely of this cruel attack on his reputation, and assures us that his health has been hurt by the anxiety and vexation which it has occasioned. ‘ Answers and confusions (*says he*) will signify nothing. As fast as one lie is destroyed another will be spawned, and the language will be; “ ‘Tis in vain to defend yourself from this charge; we have others behind; you don’t know how far our intelligence reaches; *we reserve our fire*, (Second Libel, p. 83.).”

‘ But is this the language of a lover of truth, of one only concerned for justice and truth? It is the language of a highwayman endeavouring to intimidate the man he assaults, “ Sir, don’t defend yourself, *I reserve my fire*, I have more pistols than this in my hand; I have one in my pocket; I have one in my bosom; I have other friends on the road whom you don’t see at present; we are a strong gang; it will be to no purpose for you to resist.”

There is something arch enough in this illustration: but we shall see how he will behave when these pistols are fired upon him; and we find by an advertisement in the public papers, that they are cock’d and prim’d already.

Our author has in this pamphlet followed the example of many eminent and ingenious letter-writers, who reserve matters of the greatest importance for the *postscript*. In Mr. B’s we find his defence against a very material part of the evidence against him, *viz.* The affair of Mrs. Hoyles, whom he is said by his adversaries to have perverted to popery.

Mr. B-r acknowledges on this head, that he remembers to have met Mrs. Sutton (*his quondam sweetheart*) at that same Mrs. Hoyles’s, she being sometimes present, and taking sometimes a pretence to go abroad and leave them together, as it had been beforehand agreed

greed between Mrs. *Sutton* and her she should do. That in his conversation with Mrs. *Hoyle*, he may possibly have spoke of the spiritual exercises used by the Jesuits, and some other institutions and practices of the order, or of the church of *Rome*, as pious in themselves and conducive to holiness, though by them misapplied. He may have also defended that church when unjustly accused of holding opinions she does not hold, as she frequently is from zeal without knowledge. And from hence Mrs. *Hoyle*, a very weak woman, might have conceived silly scruples, which scruples Mrs. *Sutton*, who was a zealous Papist, improved in his absence (for he went soon after into the country), and brought a priest to her, by whom she was gained over to the Popish religion, and received into that church. She did not therefore owe her conversion to *him*, but to her friend Mrs. *Sutton*, and to the priest she brought to her. Indeed herself only says, that *he gave her scruples*, and that *three years after* he had given her these scruples she *became a Catholic*. (First libel, p. 75, 76). A plain proof that it was not from the scruples *he* had given her, but from the impressions made upon her by *others*, that she was induced to change her religion.

As to Mr. *Hoyle*, Mr. *B.* says he knew nothing of the change of his religion till long after it happened; that it was probably owing to the influence of his wife over him, and the promise of the Jesuits to make him their printer; which promise was performed by them after his conversion.

Mr. *B.*'s pamphlet concludes thus; ' I think I have now answered all that can be supposed to deserve any answer in the libeller's pamphlets; and I ought rather to make an apology for having, in the three I have written on this subject, taken notice of so many impudent falsehoods, than for having overlooked others, if any are overlooked. The task of following such an author thro' all the dirty kennels into which he has raked for intelligence and for scandal, is too irksome to me; and to carry my reader with me would offend him too much, and take up a great deal too much of his time. But it would be still more inexcusable in me, if I were to desire the attention of the public, at this busy season, to hear me answer the libeller's *scurrilous railings*. I cannot bring myself to contend with him in scolding: much less will I abuse his patrons and friends, whoever they are, as he has done mine. Some persons may think too well of him and too ill of me, without being either dishonest or foolish. I hope that their candour and good understanding will, sooner or later, upon better information and cooler reflection, dispel any prejudice entertained against me; but, if it does not, I am sure my railing at them in so indecent a manner, as the libeller does at all my friends, would neither do any mischief to them, nor service to me.'

As we are apprehensive the patience of our readers must by this time be nearly exhausted by a subject so unentertaining as the dis-

pute between Mr. B. and his adversaries, we have been as brief as possible in our abstract of his defence, without omitting any thing material in justice to the accused. We cannot however close this article without taking notice of the following* paragraph which we meet with p. 19 of this pamphlet.

' The authors of the *Critical Review* (*says Mr. Bower*) whom I find in the number of my enemies, and am sorry to find it; because some amongst them are men of good parts, in order, as they say, to show the absurdity of my defence, make use of this simile. Let us imagine a highwayman thus addressing a judge upon the bench: " My Lord, I am amazed your Lordship should give any credit to what this evidence has so positively sworn against me. Is it possible, my Lord, that I should be so very silly a fellow as to rob on the highway, when your Lordship knows I could not do it without running the risque of being hanged?" *Critic. Review, vol. 1. p. 563.*

' This would be indeed a most absurd plea: but is this a fair stating of my defence? No, my defence is, that I was not so very silly a fellow as to risque being undone *without having the least temptation to do so*; that I was in no want of money; that I was not incited by any distress to endeavour to get the money in question by dangerous methods; that the evidence brought against me to prove that I was, is apparently false in that and other particulars, and upon the whole most incredible. This, I apprehend, would be a good plea at any bar but that of those writers, who by their whole manner of stating the argument on one side or the other, have shown themselves very partial and violent against me, as any man of good sense will allow who reads their performance.'

In answer to which we shall only observe, that we also are sorry to find that Mr. B. should rank us among enemies who are partial and violent against him. We are not the enemies of Mr. B. but of that fraud and imposture of which he stands accused, the suspicion of which he has not, at least in our opinion, hitherto been so fortunate as entirely to wipe off.

' *When truth or virtue an affront endures,*
' *Th' affront is mine my friend, and should be yours.*'

This was the opinion of the great Mr. Pope, and if we think ourselves obliged to adopt it, we do not see why it should subject us to the charge of violence, partiality, or injustice.

ART.

* There is also at the end of the pamphlet this *N. B.* ' I am obliged to my unknown friend for his complaint in the *Daily Gazetteer* of February 5. against the partial omissions and gross misrepresentations of my defence in the *Monthly Review*; and he might complain with as much justice and truth, of the authors of the *Critical Review* just published. I therefore beg the public to be upon their guard against the authors of those monthly pamphlets, most of them being combined with my enemies against me.'

ART. IX. *The Author*; a comedy of two acts, as it is performed at the theatre royal in Drury-lane. By Mr. Foote. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Francklin.

THIS piece opens with *Governor Cape* just returned from abroad, and enquiring of his old servant *Robin* into the circumstances and disposition of his son, who has been kept in the dark, as to his father's being alive, by the old gentleman's particular orders, 'because, says he, I have a mind to try him, and if *George* convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property; not else.' *Robin* describes him as reduced to great extremity, and writing in a garret under the booksellers for subsistence; where they agree to visit him, under pretence that the governor wants him to write an address supposed to come from the inhabitants of the place he governed; together with his gracious reply, to be put in the news-papers.

The 2d scene discovers Mr. *Cape* the author, in conference with the printer's errand-boy, who is generally called *a devil*, whose impertinence is laughable enough. A bard out of business next makes his appearance, who solicits *Cape* to employ him as an underling; his relieving the latter gives us a good impression of him, and interests every generous mind in his fortune; in this place he falls into the following reflection; which, we fear, would at this time, in reality, fit the mouth of many men of real learning and ingenuity.

' *Virgil* had his *Pollio*; *Horace* his *Mecænas*; *Martial* his *Pliny*:
' my protectors are *Title-page*, the publisher; *Vamp*, the Bookseller;
' and *Index*, the printer. A most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary, as the famous *Roman* one,
' into the bargain.'

He is roused from his soliloquy by his friend *Sprightly*, who comes to inform him that he has engaged Mr. *Cadwallader*, brother to a lady with whom *Cape* is in love, to visit him; having persuaded him that choice and love of oddity, not necessity, influenced him to live in this obscure and retired manner. Of Mr. *Cadwallader's* character we have this excellent account.

' He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness; folly and archness: at the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd sausages at the *Mews-gate*. There is a minuteness, now and then, in his descriptions; and soine whimsical, unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, compleat his character.'

The ignorance and absurdity of the generality of booksellers is happily exposed in the character of *Vamp*, who is now brought upon the stage; and every body acquainted with the secrets of the trade carried on between authors and booksellers, must be highly pleased with the truth and strength of the satire.

Vamp is succeeded by *Cadwallader* together with his wife and sister. He is wonderfully struck with Mr. *Cape*'s capacity, whom he invites to dine with his family, he having engaged himself to dine at *Sprightly*'s house with the *Kolmac* ambassador. The scheme of dividing *Cadwallader* this time from his family is laid by *Sprightly* in order to give young *Cape* the fairer opportunity of addressing himself to his mistress.

We should have premised, that in this scene *Robin* introduces the governor to Mr. *Cape*, telling him that he is a gentleman who wants him

— ‘To touch him up a handsome complimentary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and—

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to understand you. The obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last interview.—Your friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but tho' I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of particulars: as my pen has never been ting'd with gall, to gratify popular resentment, or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falsehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great, but let those, Sir, be the heralds of your worth, who are better acquainted with it.’

This spirited answer to his offers gives the governor great pleasure, who willing, however, to be as fully informed as possible of his son's circumstances, contrives to make himself of the party wherein the supposed *Kolmac* ambassador is to perform the principal part.

In the 2d act *Arabella*, *Cadwallader*'s sister becomes jealous of her lover's having addressed himself, as she thought, too warmly to Mrs. *Cadwallader*, to whom, it had been agreed, he should make love to secure him a better footing in the house. The defence which he makes to *Arabella* is overheard by the lady, who rates him pretty severely; and the moment the husband returns she tells him the whole transaction.

Cadwallader's indignation is kindled at a poet's daring to think of mixing his puddle with the blood of the *Cadwalladers*, a family as old as the creation, nay older; and he orders young *Cape* to be turned out of his house. But this proceeding is prevented by the governor, who, acknowledging his son, and discovering himself to be a man of wealth, rank, and family, *Cadwallader* is satisfied with the match, and Mr. *Cape* is wedded to *Arabella*.

Mr. *Foote* has not descended from himself in this piece; the dialogue is lively and unaffected; the characters well supported; where he is serious he is pleasing; and where comical, very laughable. The folly of a man's boasting of his progenitors without having

any other merit, is well ridiculed in the character of *Cadwallader*; his wife's folly and idiotism is drole; and the distressed narrow circumstances in which he has shewn a man of abilities and virtue is but too true a copy from real life.

The plot is well brought about; and we only wish that the first scene had not revealed to us every thing we were to expect in the conclusion. The prologue is extremely well written, but we cannot say much for the epilogue, tho' written by a lady,

ART. X. *Four pieces, containing a full reply of her majesty the empress-queen of Hungary and Bohemia, to all the motives of the king of Prussia for making war.* 4to. Pr. 3s. Owen.

THE first of these is a circular rescript of the empress-queen to her ministers at foreign courts, dated *September 2, 1756.*

The court of *Vienna* affirms, that in *June* they received advice from all parts, that the king of *Prussia* was making extraordinary armaments; and that the eighth day of *July* elapsed before the *Austrians* took any measures for the security of their dominions. On the 25th of that month the *Prussian* minister at *Vienna* desired to know whether the military preparations of the queen threatened his master. He was told that those preparations were made for the security of the empress and her allies. On the 20th of *August*, he presented a memorial demanding a plainer explanation, with assurance that the empress-queen would not attack his *Prussian* majesty either this year or the next. To quiet his fears, the court of *Vienna* formally declared that the pretended offensive alliance with the empress of *Russia*, of which he had complained, was false and fictitious. The king of *Prussia* repeated his demand of the assurance, and in the mean time invaded *Saxony*, before his minister at *Vienna* had delivered his commission. From these particulars, his *Prussian* majesty is affirmed to have been the aggressor. Then a transition is made to the circumstances of his conduct towards the king of *Poland* elector of *Saxony*, which in this rescript is treated as a manifest infraction of treaties and good faith, and a continued outrage upon justice, humanity and decorum. This paper is concluded with the following extract of a letter from count *Sternberg*, dated *Dresden, September 10, 1756.*

‘ Notwithstanding the most solemn protestations to shew all the respects to the royal family, there are posted centinels within the palace, where her majesty the queen resides with the royal family, as also at the door of the secret cabinet, where the bureau containing the papers of foreign affairs is placed; and no body must take away any papers. The keys are seized, and a general delivery of all the writings demanded.

• The

• The high chancellor of the king of *Prussia* has dismissed the
• whole ministry from their respective employments, and he is to
• establish a commission for the administration of affairs in general,
• at the head of which Mr. *Bork* will be placed as president.

• This morning her majesty the queen sent for all the foreign
• ministers to attend her at court; when she acquainted us, (though
• we were not ignorant of the great hardships she suffered from the
• king of *Prussia*) that she thought herself obliged to apprise us
• of what had happened to her that morning, viz.

• That she had intreated this prince to remove the centinels posted
• within the palace and contiguous passages, agreeable to his af-
• furances that all due respects should be observed towards the roy-
• al family: but that, instead of complying with her requests, the
• king had now doubled the guards, and ordered an officer to de-
• mand of her the keys to the secret cabinet. That, her majesty
• having proposed, in order to give all the security desired, to seal
• up the doors, the officer posted there had actually consented
• thereto; but had at the same time carried his distrust and te-
• merty so far as to dare putting his seal next to that of her ma-
• jesty. That a little while after the same officer came back with
• orders to break open the doors of the cabinet, and that upon
• this advice being brought to her majesty, she immediately left
• her apartment, and placing herself before the door, said to the
• officer, she trusted so much to the promise of the king of *Prussia*,
• as made her absolutely believe that he had not given any such or-
• ders. The officer replied, he was sorry to be charged with
• such a disagreeable commission; but that the orders of the king
• were so strict and so precise, that he durst not venture to delay
• the execution thereof. After this reply her majesty continuing
• in her place before the door, said to the officer, if he was to use
• violence, he must begin to use it against her. That then the
• officer being gone to acquaint the king with what had passed, her
• Majesty ordered the ministers of *Prussia* and *England* to be called,
• whom she conjured to remind the king of *Prussia* of his promise,
• which he had given to observe the respects due to her majesty;
• but that her representations had not had any effect. That the
• officer, a little while after, returned with orders to use force, in
• spite of the oppositions her majesty might make against it in
• person. That her majesty, seeing matters were carried to that
• extremity, and afraid of meeting with such rough treatment, re-
• tired, and had the grief to hear, that, for want of the keys,
• which happened to be out of the way, a smith was employed to
• open the doors, and break open the chests, after which all the
• papers were seized. Her majesty has intreated us to acquaint our
• respective courts with what had happened to her; and in short,
• to inform them of the little attention and respects shewn to
• her person, and what a deplorable situation she was reduced
• to, &c.

The second piece contains the empress-queen's answer to the *Prussian* motives, or declaration of war. His *Prussian* majesty is here upbraided with having plundered the royal cabinet of *Dresden* of the secret papers there deposited; with having corrupted sworn-servants, stirred up subjects to rebellion, oppressed considerable estates of the empire, revived groundless claims, and raised insurrections in great kingdoms. The *Austrians* proceed to refute the allegations of the *Prussian*, who charges the court of *Vienna* with having endeavoured to enervate the treaty of *Dresden*. They retort the accusation, by pretending to prove that he has wrested the sense of that treaty. They tax him with turbulent ambition, injustice, and falsehood. They justify the defensive treaty between the courts of *Vienna* and *Petersburg*: they absolutely deny that they ever invited the crown of *England* to a combination against *Prussia*; and they insist upon the queen's having taken pains to smother the fire of the *American* war, when it lay hid in ashes. They impeach the king of *Prussia* of ingratitude to the archducal house of *Austria*, to which he owes his royal dignity; of having employed intrigues with other powers to crush that family; of having used religion as a pretext for kindling a war in the empire; of having bribed the secretary of count *Puebla*, the queen's minister at *Berlin*, and concealed him after he was formally demanded.

The third piece consists of remarks upon the *Prussian* declarations, circular rescripts, and memorials. The author pretends to convict his *Prussian* majesty of self-contradiction in his different declarations. He observes that the *Prussian* court at first pleaded ignorance of the *Austrian* designs; but, in the next application of *Klenygraff*, he declared his master was authentically informed of an offensive alliance with the court of *Petersburg* against the king of *Prussia*.—Here is no contradiction. He might be informed before the second application, though he was not at the first. In his declaration concerning *Saxony*, he protests before God that he would never have entered that electorate, had not he been compelled to that step, by the laws of war, the unhappy juncture of the present time, and the safety of his own dominions: but in the vindication of his conduct, he mentions the clandestine views of the king of *Poland*.—Neither do we perceive any contradiction in this place.---He says the king of *Prussia* engaged his word that the electorate of *Saxony* should be treated as a sacred deposit: but, in the memorial of Mr. *de Platbo*, he owns the military executions upon the *Saxon* subjects, by saying they were the consequences of the laws of war.---Perhaps his *Prussian* majesty makes a distinction between the electorate and the people by whom it is inhabited. The king of *Prussia* in one place promises restitution of the electorate as soon as possible: in another, that it will depend on the king of *Poland*'s own resolutions.---Peradventure the king of *Prussia* thinks he cannot possibly restore the electorate, until his *Polish* majesty shall submit to his conditions. *Platbo* in his memorial

affirms that his master acted in the present war, as an eminent co-estate of the empire. But the king of *Prussia*, in his circular rescript, declares that he makes war in quality of a sovereign king and absolute lord of provinces not depending upon the empire—*utrum horum?* His *Prussian* majesty alledges that the *Sardinian* minister at *Vienna*, by orders from his court, enquired of count *Caunitz*, the destination of those armaments preparing in *Bohemia* and *Moravia*; but the author of this piece affirms this to be an absolute falsehood. The king of *Prussia* in his declaration, protests that his zeal tended principally to the preservation of the liberties of his co-estates of the empire: at the same time his comital minister declared that he would treat any member of the empire as an enemy, who should venture to give his opinion concerning the present matter of dispute.----Herein, surely, he does not contradict himself. He treats his co-estates as sucklings; and knows better than they, what is for their advantage. He will protect their liberties at the sametime that he chastises them for their presumption in delivering their opinions about their own affairs. In his rescript he denies that he plundered the *Saxon* archives; but owns that he had taken out of them a few original papers.----Where is the inconsistency in these two assertions? If I break open the cabinet of a virtuoso, and take out a few medals from a great number, I cannot be said to have plundered that cabinet, because I did not take the whole of the contents.----The remaining part of this piece is filled with arguments to shew that the treaty between the courts of *Petersburg* and *Vienna* was purely defensive. That such defensive treaties are lawful and common; and that the empress-queen had great reason to take precautions against an invasion by the king of *Prussia*.

What follows is entitled ‘A brief account, setting in a true light ‘some of the many infringements of the peace, committed by ‘*Prussia*.’ This is a recapitulation of little petty infractions committed by the *Prussian* cavalry, small parties of which sometimes pursued deserters into the *Austrian* territories. The most remarkable instance of this infringement relates to count *Henkel* one of the states of *Silesia*, who was degraded from his rank with the most ignominious circumstances, and forfeited his whole estate for being suspected of having favoured the troops of *Austria*. The king of *Prussia* intruded a bishop upon a convent: he deprived the provost of the collegiate of *Breslau*, and the canon *de Zenneburg* of their benefices; he stripped the late grand prior of *Malta* of the commendam *Grossdrenst*; and laid heavy imposts upon the *Austrian* commodities. He likewise imposed an heavy fine upon the count *Lichnowsky* for having engaged in the *Austrian* service, although he was intitled to take that step, by an express clause of the treaty of *Berlin*; and when repeated complaints were made of these proceedings, no regard was paid to the remonstrances of the court of *Vienna*.

After

After all these memorials, replies, and recriminations, we are afraid the dispute will continue undetermined, until it can be decided by the *ratio ultima regum*.

[Smallott.]

ART. XI. *The Reprisal: Or, the Tars of Old England. A Comedy of two Acts, as it is perform'd at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Baldwin.

THE prologue to this little comedy acts the proper part of a prologue, which was originally intended as a kind of gentleman usher to introduce us to the *dramatis personæ*, and in the following lines acquaints us with the principal characters.

‘ A stout *Hibernian*, and ferocious *Scot*,
‘ Together boil in our enchanted pot ;
‘ To taint these viands with the true fumet,
‘ He shreds a musty, vain, *French*—martinet.
‘ This stale ingredient might our porridge marr
‘ Without some acid juice of *English* tar.
‘ To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
‘ And the desert shall be a bloodless battle.’

The scene lies in a *French* sloop of 12 guns, at anchor on the coast of *Normandy*. On board it are detain'd prisoners Mr. *Heartly*, a *Dorsetshire* gentleman, and *Harriet*, the daughter of lady *Bloomwell*, to whom he is about to be married, together with *Brush* his servant. They are supposed to have been taken near the *English* shore in a pleasure boat ; and the detaining of them is quite against the opinion of *Oclabber* an *Irish* lieutenant, and *Maclaymore*, a *Scotch* ensign, both in the *French* service ; the former, *Heartly* tells us, he knew at *Paris* ; the latter he supposes to be an exile on account of the late rebellion, therefore more apt to pity the distressed.

These gentlemen, being sounded by *Brush*, appear to be willing to favour, as much as possible, the escape of the prisoners.

In the mean time M. *de Champignon*, commander of the *French* ship, makes very warm love to *Harriet*, whom he supposes to be *Heartly*'s sister ; and intreats, that she will inform him what sort of lover she likes best, that he may endeavour to transform himself into it, to please her. She, who has hitherto answered always in equivocal terms, replies, that she will pass by the description of the lover that would please her, and paint him whom she despises, which she does in the following song :

‘ From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
‘ I will freely describe the wretch I despise,

‘ And

- And if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
- He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw,
- A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
- Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow :
- A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
- In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoone.
- As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
- Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks ;
- As a tyger ferocious, perverse as an hog,
- In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
- In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
- His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather :
- Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
- He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.'

The scheme which had been laid for their getting off, being disconcerted by a servant's blabbing the real connections between *Heartly* and *Harriet*, he slips into the boat and escapes ; determined to return and relieve his mistress as soon as possible.

The second act begins here, and discovers the *French* captain raving for the loss of his prize ; and with an air of grandeur and importance questioning the two officers as to the manner of its being carried off ; to justify the familiarity with which they treat him, and to shew the uniformity with which our author keeps up to character, we shall extract part of the scene.

‘ *Cham.* Monsieur *O-claw-bear*, you mocquez de moi—you not seem to know my noblesse—dat I descend of de bonne famille—dat my progeniteurs ave bear de honourable *cotte*—de *cotte* of antiquite.

‘ *Ocab.* By my faoul ! when I knew you first, you bore a very old coat yourself, my dear ; for it was thread-bare and out at elbows.

‘ *Cham.* Ah ! la mauvaise plaisanterie,—daignez, my goot lieuteuant *O-claw-bear*, to onderstand dat I ave de grands alliances—du bien—de rente—dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

‘ *Ocab.* Och ! I beg your chateau’s pardon, grammachree ! I have had the honour to see it on the banks of the *Garonne*—and by my faoul ! a very venerable building it was—aye, and very well bred to boot, honey ; for, it stood always uncovered : and never refused entrance to any passenger, even tho’ it were the wind and the rain, gra.

‘ *Cham.* You pretendez to know my famille, ha ?

‘ *Ocab.* By shaint *Patrick* ! I know them as well as the father that bore them—your nephew is a begging brother of the order of St. *Francis*—Mademoiselle, your sister, espoused an eminent *savatier* in the county of *Bearne* ; and your own shelf, my dear, first

- first mounted the stage as a charlatan ; then served the count de
- *Bardach* for your diversion : and now by the king's favour, you
- command a frigate of twelve guns, lying at anchor within the
- province of *Normandy* ?

We are soon after informed, that *Heartly* fell in with a 60 gun ship, the commander of which sends a frigate well mann'd, which after some resistance and the representation of a battle, takes the *French* vessel, the sailors entering sword in hand ; by which means *Heartly* and *Harriet* are again brought together, and the piece concludes with a spirited song in honour of *the Tars of Old England*.

Impartial judges, and those who have real taste, allow the author of this piece to be not only a master of genius and invention ; but happily just at drawing characters.

The blunders of the *Irishman* are none of them forced, they are such as cannot fail to strike and make you laugh, because there are none of them that have not been heard at some time or other to fall from the mouth of such a character.

There is a mixture of pride, pedantry, stiffness and humanity in the *Scotchman* that mark him very strongly ; but his dialect is not quite intelligible.

The *Frenchman* is intirely new, his gasconading, his cowardise, his making love, and his rage, are all of a piece, and share largely in the *vis comica*.

It is remarked of the sailors, that they have a dialect and manners peculiar to themselves, and that they are a species of men abstracted as it were from every other race of mortals. In drawing *them* our author has been scrupulously exact, and the following quotation will, while it justifies our opinion, induce every judicious reader to adopt it.

Block, who is supposed to be near drunk, has, during the confusion, been staggering about in search of plunder, and finding the captain's portmanteau, enters with it on his shoulder.

‘ *Block*. Thus and no near——bear a hand my hearts——
• [lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a tawdry suit of
• Champignon's cloaths.] By your leave, tinsey——Odds heart !
• these braces are so taught, I must keep my yards square, as the
• saying is.

‘ *Lyon*. Ahey !——what the devil have we got here ? how now,
• *Block* ?

‘ *Block*. All's fair plunder between decks——we ha'n't broke
• bulk, I'll assure you——stand clear——I'll soon over-haul the
• rest of the cargo.

‘ [pulls out a long leatherne queue with red ribbons.
• What's here ? the tiller of a monkey !——s'blood the fellow has
• no more brains than a noddy, to leave the red ropes hanging over
• his stern, whereby the enemy may board him on the poop.

‘ [The

- ‘ [The next thing that appears; is a very coarse canvas shirt with
very fine laced ruffles.]
- ‘ This here is the right trim of a *Frenchman*—all ginger-bread
‘ work, flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rotteness
‘ a low. [draws out a plume of feathers.]
- ‘ Adzooks! this is mounseer’s vane, that like his fancy, veers with
‘ every puff to all the points of the compass—Hark’ee, *Sam*—
‘ the nob must needs be damnably light that’s rigg’d with such a
‘ deal of feather. The *French* are so well fledg’d no wonder they’re
‘ so ready to fly.
- [finds a pocket-glass, a paper of Rouge and Spanish wool, with
which he daubs his face.]
- ‘ Swing the swivel-ey’d son of a whore! he fights under false co-
lours like a pirate—here’s a lubberly dog, he dares not shew
his own face to the weather.
- ‘ *Cham.* Ah! monsieur de *Belokke*, ave compassion—
- ‘ *Block.* Don’t be afraid, *Frenchman*—you see I have hoisted
your jacket, thof I struck your ensign—we *Englishmen* never cut
throats in cold blood: the best way of beating the *French* is to
spare all their shampinions—Odd’s heart! I wou’d all their
commanders were of your trim, brother; we’d soon have all the
French navy at *Spithead*.’

This character of the sailor, though very short, is masterly, and perhaps as good as any now on the stage.

Could this piece have been so planned as to have furnished a few more incidents; could the scenes have been shorter, and sometimes changed, the whole would have been more entertaining. The author does not seem to be so well acquainted with the *jeu de theatre* as some of his contemporaries: there is, however, throughout the performance a close imitation of nature, which will always please the judicious, though it may not set the galleries in a roar.

ART. XII. *The Revolutions of Modesty.* To which is added, the Reign of Pleasure. 12mo. Pr. 2s. Cooper.

THE Revolutions of Modesty is an allegorical work translated very loosely from an obsolete *French* author whose name I have forgotten. Modesty is here supposed to have been begotten upon *Hebe*, by that goddes’s mental impregnation, without any male assistant. After being educated in heaven, where she was not fond of the company she found, the gods of the heathen mythology being not over and above virtuous, she retired to earth, where her declared open enemy, *Cupid*, constantly persecutes her driving her from place to place, in such a manner, that to avoid him,

him, she is obliged to conceal her recess, which in these days is scarcely to be found.

To this allegory the editor has added another vague translation from a French piece of *De la Mettrice*, intitled *La Volupté ou L'art de Jouer*; he calls it the reign of pleasure, and therein introduces several persons, in different views, immersed in pleasure, the chief joy of which, according to him, consists in love.

‘ How interesting (*says he*) is the converse of lovers ! whether they speak of past joys, or of griefs to come ; pleasure is the conveyancer of their sentiments, being by parent the heart’s interpreter. With what tenderness is uttered “ shall I never see you more ? ” It kindles them with warm desires. Love’s congress is renewed ! a fond delirium reigns ! they swim in seas of bliss !

‘ How determined and equal is the struggle, no Part is recreant in the combat, but all contribute their share, and press eager to the charge ; which is succeeded by a pleasing melancholy, that ushers sleep to close the extatic scene. There undisturbed let us leave them in the folds of love ; who would be glad to have them pictured thus, to adorn his cabinet at *Paphos* ?

The following character of a complete voluptuary is pretty enough.

‘ To form a complete voluptuary, a sound unprejudiced mind and a sound body are requisite, because they make him fond of life. Enamoured of nature he admires her various beauties, setting a proper value upon each. His heart is never infected by the poison of disgust or loathing.

‘ Superior to fortune and her capriciousness, he is every thing to himself ; nor knows any ambition but that of being happy. A true scholar of *Epicurus*, thunder cannot alarm, nor death affright him.

‘ Although the trees lose their verdure and their leaves, he still preserves his passion. When rivers are chained with ice, and the earth deep frozen, there is a summer-warmth in his heart.

‘ Is he with his *Delia* ? winds, rain, wintry storms, warring elements, instead of marring, you heighten the joys of our modern *Tibullus*. If the surface of the sea be calm and unruffled, he looks on it as an emblem of that peace, which should ever subsist between them. But if outrageous hurricanes cause wild commotions there, and (as our unrivalled master of expression says).

“ The yesty billows swallow navigation up.” *Shakespeare*.

‘ The frightful tempest cannot disturb him, while *Delia* continues kind.

‘ He makes every object concur to his happiness ; the Spring’s gay livery delights him, its colour is so gentle and friendly to the eye. The rising and setting sun he views with admiration ; and their varied decorations, inimitable by the painter’s art, however excellent.

With less wonder but more delight he enjoys the moon's silver
light, to grateful travellers a kind substitute for the bright orb
that rules the day. He smiles to the stars that sparkle so
brilliantly from the azure vault.

If his days be happy; happier still are those blissful nights
which have so many peculiar advantages. They inspire pleasing
reveries, and invite to walk by the twilight in the grove. Is
Delia there? he asks no more. She is the universe to him.

To such as have a taste for allegorical writing, this piece will afford
some entertainment, though we can say but little for the author's
stile, which is often harsh, mean, dissonant, affected, and sometimes
obscure; for example, we should be glad to know what he means
by *a suicide poniard*? or by the *genii*, that *festooned to each other, with*
flying fingers concerted to soft flutes? Nor can we approve of many
words, which we must suppose he coined himself, as we do not
recollect to have met with them elsewhere, such as *luxuriates, originates,*
demi-natured, cadenced, symetrized and many others.

ART. XIII. Epistles to LORENZO. 8vo.

IN the publication of the epistles to *Lorenzo* it is observable, that
the name not only of the author, but also of the bookseller and
printer, is industriously concealed, nothing appearing at the bot-
tom of the title page but *London 1756*. They stole indeed into the
world in so private a manner, as hitherto intirely to have escaped
our notice: the novelty (as soon as it came to our hands) of a
philosophical poem, for such it proved to be, incited our attention,
which was agreeably gratified in the perusal of it. Our author's
design in this little piece will best appear by his own advertisement
prefixed to it, which we shall therefore lay before our readers.

The following sheets (*says he*) contain part of several episto-
latory rhimes, written on different occasions and different parts
of *Europe*. The object of the whole would be to reconcile,
within the bounds of moderation, the zealots and philosophers of
the present age.

The author is sensible the latter, or, as they are called, the
advocates for natural religion, are the greater bigots of the two;
and that a superstitious attachment to infidelity is the master-
piece of enthusiasm: the rapsody of *Jacob Boehmen* being much
more intelligible than the plain demonstrations of some modern
free-thinkers.

To

If the truth of this observation be call'd in question, the reader
may turn, for conviction, to a late pamphlet, called *The Light of*
Nature the Light of the Gospel: written by an author, who, for twenty
years past has occasionally oblig'd the public with works of the same
stamp.

To the end proposed; therefore, the means would be to establish, on undisputed principles, the certainty of those maxims, which most affect the present and future happiness of mankind.

With this view it is necessary the author should wear an assum'd character and propose nothing but what reason, common to all, may allow. In doing this, then, he would endeavour to shew the principal defects and point out the limits of the understanding; to prove, *à priori*, the source of good and evil; the universal propriety of original sin, and the moral necessity of that inseparable connection between happiness and misery, virtue and vice; the immortality of the soul being, at the same time, pointed out, from arguments universally acknowledged and felt.

Such is the general design of the author: that of the present publication is, to inform himself how far this specimen may give the public room to think him capable of the whole; or whether any part may be worth a finishing hand.

By the public, also, he would be understood to mean the philosophical part of the world only; for, as to the gentlemen of the *Belles Lettres*, he does not willingly subject himself to their censure; having chosen a poetical stile for no worse reason than an incapacity to express the same sentiments better in any other: Confiding, therefore, in the well-bred humanity of such critics, he hopes they will not put his verses to the *Horatian torture*, by pulling them to pieces, to examine the *disjecta membra poëtae*.

Our author here informs us, that he chose a poetical stile for no worse reason (which is as much as to say, it is the best that could be given) than an incapacity to express the same sentiments better in any other. This we know is the very reason which Mr. Pope † gave for writing his ethic epistles in verse; but the reason notwithstanding is a bad one; which might very easily be proved; but *nunc non est his locus*.

The poem begins thus:

While zeal pursues, beyond the grave,
Whom priest nor patriot could save,
Lost St. John, sav'd and dam'd by fame;
An honour'd and a blasted name;
Lorenzo asks, ingenuous youth,
What is, and who believes, the truth.

Lorenzo, wouldst thou learn of me?
Truth is where all the world agree.
Is there no point where all unite?
I answer, None are in the right.

M 2

Yet

† The reason (says Pope in his preface to the *Essay on Man*) may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express my sentiments more shortly this way than in prose itself, and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness.

Yet wouldest thou know, so sceptics err,
 To whom enquiry may refer ;
 Where trembling doubt and error blind
 At once a guard and guide may find,
 At once successfully apply,
 And give to falsehood's face the lye ?
 Alas ! denied the perfect rule,
 That serves alike the knave and fool,
 Alike the ignorant and the wise :
 Adoring these what those despise.
 Whether we judge, from nature's law
 That truth infallibly we draw,
 Or think the just criterion given
 In revelation pure from heaven,
 It differs not, unless we find
 Some active index in the mind,
 Some ray of heaven's unerring light,
 To guide in this or that aright.

Let Christianity display
 Its wond'rous volume to the day ;
 'The sacred lines, however true,
 Alike affect not me and you ;
 'Th' accepted sense of holy writ
 Still resting on th' accepting wit.
 For who that read but comprehend
 As taught by father, priest, or friend :
 Or tenets new, more nice than wise,
 Peculiar to themselves devise.

How then prevails the sacred text,
 If by the comment thus perplex'd,
 If heretics, of ev'ry kind,
 Still in the word their gospel find ;
 Still if the spirit hides the flaw
 That marrs the letter of the law.

A little farther we meet with these lines :

Dost † pause when pleas of right or wrong
 To captious opponents belong ;

See

† If we were inclined to become *captious* in regard to our author's poetry, we should take the liberty to find fault with him for shortening the second syllable of the word *opponents*. Page 13. we are told that wrong and right

— widely diff'rent both appear
 If view'd from thence or seen from here.

Which though it may be very true, is not extremely poetical. At the beginning of the second epistle we meet with.

Rul'd

See the wing'd cork from side to side
Rebound, the truant school-boy's pride !
With equal warmth, with equal noise,
So disputants, like truant boys,
Between what saint or father faith
Bang the light shuttlecock of faith.

There is something extremely spirited, just, and poetical also in the following :

Blush not, *Lorenzo*, then, to own,
Th' eternal God a God unknown ;
Whose face, to mortal eye deny'd,
Can never gratify thy pride.
To him your votive altars raise,
As *Atbens* did, in ancient days ;
Nor dare pollute his sacred shrine
With human sacrifice divine ;
But humble adoration bring,
And silent praise, fit offering.

So the *Peruvian*, pure in heart,
Strange to the guile or guilt of art,
Unaw'd by tenet, text, or tale,
Erects his temple, in the vale,
Sacred to th' universal mind,
The God and guide of human-kind.
No firstlings here affront the skies,
Nor clouds of smoking incense rise :
No hypocrite, with acid face,
No convert, tortur'd into grace,
No solid skull, in wisdom's cowl,
No hooded hawk, nor solemn owl,
Nor blind, nor ominous invade
This spotless consecrated shade :
But, as the native of the spray,
Man hails his maker, with the day,

M 3

By

Rul'd by no giant hopes or fears,
Whose stature grows by length of years.

Which lines (if we are not mistaken) are to be found in an excellent poem called *Spleen*, written by Mr. Green of the *Custom-House*, the manner of which our author seems to have imitated throughout. There are also some inaccuracies which might warrant the strictures of criticism ; but our author, in his preface, has disclaimed the authority of the *Belles Lettres*, and has besides told us in his poem that

Truth hopes not for poetic praise.

Fame however we know is sometimes sought for even by those who pretend to shun it, and very often is acquired too by those very men ; which indeed we take to be the case of this concealed author.

By nature taught, heav'n asks no more,
In spirit and in truth t' adore.

Our author's proof that the sensations of pleasure and pain are
merely comparative, is finely express'd.

The glow of health the bliss of ease
Had never boasted charms to please,
Nor cordial draught nor downy bed
Had e'er reviv'd the drooping head,
Had sickness pale and trembling grief
Ne'er wish'd for wearied eyes, relief.

See *Belmont*, on the sofa laid :
What racking pains his limbs invade !
Take half his gout ; the respite giv'n
He calls a blissful taste of heav'n.
Give but a youth dispersing wealth,
Who riots on the bloom of health,
That blissful part which yet remains ;
And his were hell's distracting pains.
O what capricious joy and strife
Attend the various scenes of life !
To wield the scythe, with sweaty brow,
To turn the soil beneath the plough,
To sow in hope and reap in joy
Thine labour ! is the sweet employ ;
Stranger to hope, from want secure,
Life's easy burden to endure,
To eat the grape nor prune the vine,
Laborious idleness ! is thine.
Yet idleness of care complains,
And labour quarrels with it's pains.

Nothing can be more descriptive, sensible, or true than the above
quotation ; this likewise is pretty.

Lorenzo farther might we go,
And prove still nearer bliss and woe,
To each inseparably join'd ;
Alternate regents in the mind ;
Yet so precarious in their reign ;
Bliss tyrannizes into pain ;
And when to cruel pain we bow,
Its rod grows light, we know not how.

His address to the superstitious, at the latter end of the third
epistle, is full of good sense and good argument.

— know, vain man, no aſt of thine
Renders defective God's design :
No pow'r to human frailty giv'n
To controvert the will of heav'n.

Presume not at so high a price
To rate th' iniquity of vice :
Nor let the vainly-virtuous fool,
Projecting heav'n by line and rule,
Sore-lash'd and wasting to the bone,
The crime of healthier days t' atone,
Conceive, by want of rest or meat,
Th' eternal purpose to defeat.
Presume not at so low a rate
To value the decrees of fate.

Yet say not, therefore, guilt is free ;
Or promise crimes impunity :
Since 'tis ordain'd the sting of woe
To bliss inordinate shall grow ;
That each false pleasure bring its pain,
And ev'ry vice its kindred train.

We shall conclude our short quotations with an extract from this unknown author's invocation to *Reason*, at the end of the poem, which, we believe, will not be disagreeable to our readers.

Cœlestial guide ! O give my youth
T' enjoy thy lovelier sister truth ;
For whose embrace my vows I pay,
In ardent sighs, th' enquiring day :
Nor, when enquiring day is o'er,
Cease by the midnight lamp to pore
O'er the dull tale or tedious page
Of saint, or more laborious sage ;
Happy if saint or sage could tell
Where I with her might ever dwell.
With thee, bright truth ! for whom alone
My genius for the verse be known ;
Content for thee to change the bays,
The poet's for thy lover's praise.

We have here only considered our author as a poet, and addressing himself to our imaginations, and shall not, at present, enter into the discussion of his merit, as a philosopher, having only broken off a link or two of the chain by way of specimen of his abilities, which, to use his own words in the preface, may give the public room to think him capable of the whole. When that whole appears, which we shall be very glad to see, we shall be the better enabled to judge of him in both capacities.

ART. XIV. *A Sermon preached at the parish of W——n in Gloucestershire on the Fast-day. Now published to vindicate the author from several late cruel and unjust aspersions on the occasion. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Scott.*

THIS extraordinary sermon begins thus; “*For ye are bought with a price.*” 1 Cor. vi. 20.

“ The words of this text, though taken from an obsolete and long since exploded book, are still to be found in the closets of some antiquarians; to whose particular curiosity, ingenuity, or vanity perhaps, we are obliged for the preservation of the whole.

“ The whole volume consisting of two distinct books, by name the Old and New Testament, was wrote for the instruction of mankind in general, when in the dawn and infancy of their understanding. As they grew on to riper and maturer judgments, there was no necessity for the legislature to condemn, censure, or lay it aside; for it naturally dropt of its own self, when they wisely thought there was no further occasion for its assistance.

“ The odds at Arthur’s, and other such excellent academies of science, are, that there is no such being as a providence or God; this can be no match, as the cant word is there, among themselves, for they are all of *one mind in an house*, and never will suffer any strangers to mingle with them: and come abroad into the less polite world, how little chance is there of an alteration of thinking or acting there, where manners and fashions equally descend from the great to the small? for what the nobleman begins, the peasant generally ends.”

“ But (*says our author*) to the words of my text: *ye are bought with a price.* The brib’d returning officer first buys the poor voter, by money, promises, or threats; the wealthy candidate next buys the returning officer; the minister buys the member, and the minister, at last, is bought himself. Fathers sell their sons, mothers sell their daughters, friends sell one another. *Ye are all sold and bought with a price.*”

“ Tis true indeed (*says this comical divine*) that certain maxims contained in this obsolete book are still retain’d amongst us. Thus the visiting the sins of the father, unto the third and fourth generation, is still visible in the practice of a late m——y, who never forgave even the godson of a godfather, though he was no relation, if ever that godfather voted against their pernicious and destructive measures. But not only persecution was a favourite and adopted virtue of theirs, patience and humility, though not entirely the same as recommended in the obsolete book, is highly in practice among the people in general of this kingdom, particularly the upper rank of them. They have the *patience* to be daily and hourly dunned by their tradesmen and creditors, without returning one evil word, or any word at all;—they have the *patience* to hear

hear a whole kingdom's voice against their corrupt and illicit practices, without changing countenance in the least;—and they have the further patience, forbearance, and long-suffering, to wait for pensions, places, fine-cures, and victualling or other beneficial contracts, till in the dirty pursuit of them they very patiently sink what little fortunes their fathers and honest ancestors bravely and honourably laboured to give them.

If a private unbenefic'd clergyman, for instance, marries, or injures the fair reputation of a great man's daughter, in order to marry her to more advantage, and of a sudden we see him raised to splendid dignities and golden honours, what can we say? but that in spite of all secrecy, oaths of simony and other trifles of that nature, as they certainly are now-a-days, the preferment he enjoys is bought with a price; as without this lady's kind assistance, or the family's lucky pride, to preserve her tender and unblemished, because unknown reputation, a secret, he might still have remained on his usual pittance in *Wales*, of 10*l.* a year, exclusive of his other benefices—the tap, and his cremona,—those ever faithful friends to the clergy, of that glorious principality.

In this absurdly and unseasonably ludicrous manner our satirical preacher goes on to lash the follies and vices of the age, and though much of what he advances on this fruitful subject, may be too true, we cannot but think he might have found a place more proper for the delivery of it than the pulpit. In the latter part of this discourse he has however made some amends for this impropriety, by stuffing together above four pages full of scripture, consisting chiefly of extracts from the prophets denouncing God's vengeance against the iniquitous sons of men.

FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. XV. Translation of Mr. Voltaire's *verses to the king of Prussia*, in our last, p. 78.

To the KING of PRUSSIA.

O H! thou, whom genius and fair science own,
Supreme on wisdom's as on *Prussia's* throne,
By learning's sons in ev'ry clime ador'd,
By arts approv'd their universal lord,
Whose echo'd praise consenting millions ring,
Warrior and wit, philosopher and king;
Rais'd from the dust, by thy creating voice,
Amaz'd we saw thy *Berlin's* tow'rs rejoice;
Saw her with large and haughty strides advance
To emulate the pow'r of rising *France*;

From *Seine*'s proud banks, transplanted by thy care,
 The buds of science blossom, full and fair ;
 Cherish'd by thee, and thy protecting hand,
 They fled from us, to grace thy happier land ;
 Beneath thy shades, *Parnassian* laurels grew,
 And *Greece* beheld her olives bloom for you.

Aw'd by thy frown imposture trembling fled,
 And mean chican'ry hung the drooping head,
 Driven from thy courts oppression saw no more
 The helpless orphan weeping at her door,
 Whilst fast by thee in iron shackles bound,
 Injustice shook her chains, and bit the ground.

But *France*'s perjur'd foe, and *England*'s friend,
 Now all thy virtues, all thy glories end :
 Late have we seen thy faithless hand prepare,
 To light the torch of discord and of war,
 O'er *Leipzic*'s walls to force thy lawless way,
 And seize on guiltless nations as thy prey ;
 In *Europe*'s blood to glut thy savage mind,
 Enslave new realms, and plunder half mankind.

But, ere thou brave thy fate, fond madman, know,
 The paths of falsehood are the paths of woe ;
 Weak to attack, and impotent to save,
 Each step thou tread'st but opens to thy grave ;
 The sword is sharpen'd, and the arrow sped,
 Fraught with due vengeance on thy guilty head.
 When thou, unhappy prince, shalt meet thy fate,
 How wilt thou wish thy life of shorter date !
 How wilt thou wish thou hadst not liv'd to see
 Thy virtues sunk in vile obscurity !

The sister-arts incens'd no longer now
 Shall twine fresh wreaths for thy victorious brow :
 No longer now we view the sage approv'd,
 The hero courted, and the king belov'd,
 But a mad murd'rer, whose detested name,
 Fair truth hath blotted from the rolls of fame ;
 Born but to fight in wild ambition's cause,
 Lay nations waste, and trample on the laws ;
 Prompt to deceive, and eager to destroy,
 To plunder cities with malignant joy ;
 To act whate'er or pride or folly can,
 The foe profest of nature, and of man.

BARCELONA.

Dec. 21st, 1756.ART. XVI. *Apostolicos Afanes de la Campania de Jesus, &c.*

THIS work, which is in quarto, and contains several accounts of the labours of the Jesuits on the mission in *America*, is divided into three books. The first relates to the progress they have made in the new kingdom of *Toledo*; the second and third, of their proceedings in *Pimeria*, a country every way extending more than 100 leagues, and to the east bordering on *California*.

The two last books are valuable for the geographical knowledge which they contain; the first of them traces exactly the course of father *Eusebius Francis Kino* in *California*, from 1699 to 1707. The journey made thro' *California* in 1750, by the rev. father *Ferdinand Consag*, is comprehended within the compass of three chapters in the third and last book; he performed it in two months, traversing in that time that large tract of land which lies between *Sierra Madra* and the ocean. The importance of this voyage cannot be here exactly rated; as the carte of it is not published. However our author remarks that the natives of the peninsula are well inclined to receive the lessons of the evangelical labours; and sufficiently docile to be easily formed into flourishing colonies.

The want of a carte in this place is well supplied by one very justly designed; and neatly executed, annexed to a *History of California*, just published at *Madrid*; and compiled by an eminent hand from the most curious and authentic memoirs that could possibly be contained; of this we shall speak hereafter more largely.

PARIS.

ART. XVII. *Loisirs Philosophiques, ou L' étude de L' homme, de M. B. &c.*

WORKS of this nature have been by many great scholars made their amusement; and reason and experience prove that they carry with them their use, by inculcating good principles, as appears by this little treatise, which cannot but interest the reader; altho' the author seems to be of a cast extremely melancholy.

His sentiments are just, he paints with feeling; and we are pleased to meet with the truths that he presents us, altho' we were before acquainted with them; he has read *Montagne*, and remembers him to good purpose; he knows the world well; tho' a man of solid sense; he can condescend to parly with a coxcomb; nor does he think it beneath him to talk to the women in a stile that cannot displease such of them as have any reason left; and here methinks he

he has fallen into an error, for which we often blame the female sex, that of dwelling too long upon one subject; had he been more short, he had appeared to more advantage.

Among many other beautiful passages that cannot but please the judicious, his picture of *Aristus* and *Sophia*, a married couple that would have adorned the golden or a better age, is extremely striking. It describes the husband, after the wife's death, retiring to the country; and in the bosom of solitude dedicating his whole time to the education of his children, in whom he sees his dear *Sophia* revive.

The stile is deeply melancholy; and replete with a sort of sadness that is extremely pleasing to a contemplative mind, and strongly images the author's character. As we read we imagine ourselves lost in the depths of rural retirement; the regions of reflection, where the solar ray can scarcely penetrate the gloomy shade, and where the silent solitude awes and delights.

ART. XVIII. *Lettre de Mons. Despres de Boiffy Avocat en Parlement, à Mons: Le Chevalier de sur le Spectacles.* 12mo. *A Letter concerning Public Diversions.*

OUR author, who in this little treatise chiefly attacks the stage, talks not in the stile of a churchman, but argues upon philosophical principles, preserving however an eye to religion. He is justly enough dissatisfied with the theatre because it exhibits none but criminal or idle passions; and even those pieces that are least blameable in their texture, are by the manner of their being presented, rendered, if not absolutely dangerous, at least censurable.

‘ It is affirmed, (*says he*) that vice is shewn upon our stage in its most hideous colours; I believe not the assertion; for we see it always masked.

‘ Dramatic poets infect the soul with maladies by inoculation; as is practised upon the body by some modern physicians with respect to the small-pox; that by inoculation the spreading of the small-pox is prevented, few people, I believe, at present dispute; but the good effects that accrue from the inoculation of vice, we are yet to learn.’

To prove the rectitude of our argument, let us examine the conduct and disposition of play-going people in general: Do we not see them, tho’ once firmly attached to religion and virtue, degenerate gradually into corruption of manners, and changing natural and becoming deportment into ridiculous affectation; solid sense into frivolous compliment and theatrical jargon that declares them coxcombs? Many a woman who has entered the playhouse chaste as a *Penelope*, has left it with inclinations loose as the wife of *Menelaus*; for the passions are here stirred up by immodest gestures; and the taste of the age is so debauched that if a well written piece be exhibited, which administers to the mind edification and instruction,

the

the moral effect is totally and instantaneously erased by the appendix of a senseless *mime*, or a farce that owes its success to folly or lasciviousness. (To be continued.)

GRONINGEN.

Dec. 31, 1756.

ART. XIX. *Eginharti de Vita Caroli Magni Commentarius, cum Annotationibus Ger. Nicolai Heermans.*

DR. Heermans who has republished this book is a young physician, who has applied his leisure hours to the studies of poetry and history. Of his proficiency in the latter of those sciences we are at liberty to judge from the dedication of the book in hand, which is made in verse to the present Pope, *Benedict 14th*: it manifests genius, and some taste for antient learning. To this address succeeds a long letter to M. *Le Franc*, from whom our editor, when in *France*, received many civilities.

This letter is well written, and shews the author to be a man of knowledge and erudition; in it he enumerates the advantages accruing from a knowledge of the *Latin* tongue; expatiates upon its beauties; and hence is he naturally led to answer a criticism published against this kind of learning by an author of no contemptible character*. His stile is modest and polite; and his reasons just and convincing; without a probability of disgusting the warmest opponents of his opinion.

After this he places an elegant life of *Eginhart* compiled by himself, followed by an elegy in form of a dedication to M. *Molinari*, the Pope's nuncio in *Flanders*. The notes upon the History of *Charlemagne*, which are all his own, shew a consummate acquaintance with every part of the history which he here presents to the public; there is no passage therein, of the least obscurity or difficulty which he has not fully explained; as well as every exploded word; or obsolete custom. The whole is printed upon a beautiful paper, and the type is remarkably elegant.

SCULPTURE and ETCHING.

R. O. M. E.

ART. XX. February 3, 1757.

ABBOT *Rodolphi Venuti* has just published two small dissertations in 4to.—Ist. ‘*Spiegazione de Baffirilievi che si osservano nell' Urna Sepolare detto vulgarmente d' Alessandro Severo, che si conserva nel Museo del Palazzo del Quirinale a Roma*’.

* Mons. *Lavaur*, prior of *Aytré* and superintendant of the academy at *Rochefort*, has lately published a dissertation against the *Latin* of the moderns.

* conserva nel Museo di Campidoglio." Two statues that lie on the top of this noble monument, have been thought by many antiquaries to represent *Alexander Severus* and his mother *Mammea*. Hence this *Sarcophagus* is known by the name of that emperor.

The portraits of the emperor and his mother, which we find on their medals, seem, however, to have little resemblance to those on this monument. The bass-relief on the front and the two ends, is generally supposed to represent the peace between *Romulus* and *Tatius*, after the rape of the *Sabine women*; and the back part, which is not so highly finished, is thought to exhibit *Romulus's* triumph over the *Cænini*, being the first *Roman* triumph. The truth is, that antient monuments, that are not inscribed, may be often variously explained. The one in question our author thinks, represents the council of the *Greeks*, and the restoration of *Chryseis* to her father *Chryses* the priest of *Apollo*; and the back part shews *Priamus* begging the body of *Hector* from *Achilles*. If this explanation is approved of, this urn expresses the beginning and end of the *Iliad*. I must observe that the plates are neatly enough drawn, and engraved by *N. Mogalli*.

IIId. 'Marmora Albana: sive in duas Inscriptiones Gladiatorias Collegii Sylvani Aureliani inter Rudera Urbis Romæ nuper repertas conjecturæ.'

The first inscription contains the names of thirty-two of the gladiators belonging to this college, with their different designations, *viz.* *Thraces*, *Retiarii*, *Mermillones*, &c. It seems that these gladiators were formed into societies or communities.

The 2d inscription contains some flattering titles to the emperor *Commodus*, upon renewal of the college. These marbles were lately found on the *Aventine* hill, and are now in the possession of Cardinal *Alexander Albani*.

This text might naturally enough have led our author to have given a distinct account of the various kinds of gladiators, and their different manners of fighting: but this production, like most of those I have seen of Signior *Venuti*, is rather trifling than ingenious. He has inscribed this second dissertation to the antiquary society of *London*, of which he is a member.

Paolo Fidanza, painter and engraver at *Rome*, has published proposals for etching 72 of the most remarkable heads painted by *Raphael* in the *Vatican*. Many of them are the portraits of philosophers, poets, divines, and illustrious persons. As *Fidanza* has had an opportunity to trace off these heads in oil paper his etchings are as large as the original paintings, and drawn with great accuracy. He has already finished several, and is to publish 36 of them in *May* next, and the other half in eight months after. This will be a very useful collection for those who begin to design, and perhaps the best drawing book extant.

Art. 21. *The history of the voyages of Scarmantado. A Satire.*
Translated from the French of M. de Voltaire. 8vo. Pr. 6d.
Vailant.

THIS is said to be a little *Jeu d'Esprit* of the celebrated Voltaire, whose inexhaustible fancy is always throwing out something for the entertainment of the public: and we are told, in an advertisement prefix'd to it, that it was never printed but in the *Geneva* edition of his works.

It seems to be a general satire on all the nations of the known world, though principally levell'd against the various perfections of each other, on account of their religious tenets. In *England* he finds a set of devout *Roman catholics* blowing up the king and parliament to free the nation from heretics; and *queen Mary* burning five hundred of her subjects for the good of their souls. In *Holland* he is entertained with the beheading of their venerable old patriot *Barneveldt*: on asking what his crime was, and whether he had betray'd the state, he was answered, No, but much worse, for he had believed men might be saved by good works as well as by faith. In *Spain* he goes to an *auto de fe*, to see *Jews* and *Christians* burnt for refusing to abandon the law of *Moses*, or worship *nuestra dama d'Atocha*. After a visit to *France* and *Portugal* (who are also ridicul'd for their superstitution) he arrives at *Constantinople*; where he finds the *Latin* and *Greek* churches tearing one another to pieces with much pious animosity. *Scarmantado* resolves therefore no more to frequent either, but to hold his tongue and enjoy himself in peace: an accident however happen'd, that involv'd him in fresh troubles. As there is some humour and drollery in this particular circumstance we shall present it to our readers in the words of the translator.

' To make myself amends (*says he*) I determin'd to keep a mistress, and pitch'd upon a young *Turkey*, who was as tender and lewd at a tête-à-tête, as she was pious and devout at the mosque. One night in the soft transports of her love, she embrac'd me passionately, calling out, *alla, illa, alla*. These are the sacramental words of the *Turks*, I took them to be those of love, and therefore cry'd out in my turn, *alla, illa, alla*; upon which, she said, heaven be praised! you are a *Turk*. I told her I bless'd heaven to have given me their strength, with which I thought myself happy. In the morning the *Iman* came to circumcise me, but as I made some difficulty, the *Cadi* of our quarters, a loyal gentleman, very kindly told me he purposed to impale me. I saved my foreskin, and my backside with a thousand sequins, and flew into *Perisia*, firmly resolv'd never to go to the *Latin* or *Græcian* mass in *Turkey*, nor ever more to say, *alla, illa, alla*, at a rendezvous.'

Scarmantado then travels to *Ispahan*, from thence to *China*, the coast of *Golconda*, and the court of *Aureng-zeb*, the most pious man in all *Indostan*, and almost ador'd for his extreme devotion, though he had cut his brother's throat, poison'd his father, and put half his *Raiabs* and *Omrahs* to death; but this was never done till after prayers.

Our author is then taken by the *Negroes*, who being ask'd why they thus violated the laws of nations, reply'd ' Your nose is long, ours is flat; your hair straight, ours curl'd; you are white, and we are black, consequently by the laws of nature must be enemies; you buy us, and treat us like beasts, and therefore, when we can, we have

‘ have a right to serve you in the same manner.’ — To this our author says, he had nothing to answer, and was obliged to serve an old negro-woman, and after twelve months slavery was redeem’d by his friends. Having thus seen the world, he took the first opportunity of returning to *Candia* the place of his nativity.

There are marks of genius in this little piece, though the merit of it is greatly obscur’d by a poverty of language, and aukward stiffness in the translation. *

Art. 22. *A visionary interview at the shrine of Shakespeare. Inscribed to Mr. Garrick. By Henry Howard, author of the letters signed Heartwell, some time since printed in the Gazetteer, and several other miscellaneous pieces. 4to. Pr. 6d. Withy and Ryall.*

Mr. Howard’s muse, who, it seems, had a mind to *ramble*, took a flight as far as *Stratford upon Avon* to pay her respects at the shrine of *Shakespeare*, where, being arriv’d, she cries out

Hail, *Stratford’s* boast ! immortal genius, hail !
Peace to thy manes, which here unturbed rest ;
What shall the muse in duteous worship fail,
Or stint the yearnings of a grateful breast ?

The word *perturbed* is to be met with in *Shakespeare*, but *unturbed* is, we believe, the property of Mr. Howard only ; neither can we see why *ma-nes*, which most certainly consists of two syllables, shou’d here be *stinted* to one. Mr. Howard, however, not so willing to *stint* the yearnings of his breast, desires the old bard to appear, who very obligingly complies with his request, rises from the *darksome vault*, and speaks thus :

Sweet peace be with you, peace, the muse’s friend,
That beams reflection’s lustre on the soul ;
That bids the mind with crowded thoughts distend,
And waft the sense to scenes beyond the pole.
Delightful guests, by whose celestial pow’r
We bound from earth, and emulate the skies ;
Survey new worlds, and wonders new explore,
Till e’en conception’s baffled with surprise.

No sooner has *Shakespeare* finished, but up rises *Dramatic Poesy*,

‘ And with enchanting sounds thus speaks the fair,
Blest advocates of *Shakespeare’s* lustrous name,
Surround his shrine — the muse’s voice attend ;
Ye bold protectors of his much-lov’d fame,
Give ear. —

She then tells them she will give them all some laurel ; the throng advances to gather it up, and among the rest comes *Britain’s Roscius*,

‘ For who shall *Britain’s Roscius* disown ?’

Here Mr. Howard makes amends for his cruelty to poor *Ma-nes*, by giving *Roscius* a syllable more than is generally allowed him.

In

* The translator calls the *Dutch* a *flegmatical* people ; talks of a *funest* adventure, and tells us the rigour and severity of the *Hollanders* had no compensation ; words and phrases not easily to be understood.

In him behold young *Hamlet*, Denmark's heir,
 In him a lovesick *Romeo* lives and dies :
 Without a rival — see thy favourite *Lear*
 Cold, sick, and faint, beneath inclement skies.

Then *Shakespear* and *Garrick*, by desire of Mr. *Howard*'s muse, shake hands, and she cries,

Now, *Britons* now, your top of glory know,
 With transport see your favorites conjoin'd ;
 Henceforth let Cynic pride its gall foregoe,
 Nor snarl when *Garrick* speaks his *Shakespeare*'s mind.

Shakespeare then walks off, *Garrick* repeats two lines from his own * prologue to *the Winter's Tale*, and follows him, and so ends the poem, much more to the honor of Messrs. *Shakespeare* and *Garrick*, the gentlemen there celebrated, than to the reputation of the poet.

Art. 23. *Memoirs of Miss Katty N——.* 12mo. Pr. 3s. Noble.

By an advertisement in the papers we find that this is a real narration the author of which is in great distress ; and would be glad of relief : it seems her real name, and of many of the principal people introduced, are concealed or fictitious ones, made use of for obvious reasons.

Katty N—— has run through a variety of scenes, both in high and low life ; fortune intended her for the former ; inclination partly, and partly imprudence fixed her in the latter, in which she is now very miserable. She is related, according to her own account, to some of the best families in *Scotland*, being daughter to a baronet, and niece to an earl ; of whose ingratitude and ill treatment of her she bitterly complains ; and, if she speaks truth, she has great reason to inveigh.

She has made the tour of the three kingdoms in a light that did not contribute much to the honor of her family ; who had her conveyed away to *Jamaica*, where she did not act up to the strictest rules of virtue ; on her return home she kept a public house, and was engaged in several other different scenes, of which we shall not here enter into a detail. The narrative is well enough told for a woman, but too much interlarded with scraps of poetry ; we found some parts of it affecting ; and, if we were often under a necessity of blaming the conduct of this unhappy woman, we as often find her, in perusing this volume, an object of compassion.

Art. 24. *A faithful and authentic account of the siege and surrender of St. Philip's Fort, in the island of Minorca.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Crowder.

This pamphlet has all the air of a genuine journal, kept by some officer belonging to the garrison, and is very circumstantial with regard to the strength of the garrison, and every remarkable incident during the siege. It is inscribed to Lord *Strawbridge*, and yet we are informed that his lordship condemns it as a spurious account. If we may believe this author, no fewer than five or six batteries played

VOL. III. Feb. 1757. N upon

* 'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
 To lose no part of that immortal man.

upon the outworks of *St. Philip's Fort*, before the *English* fleet came in sight. This circumstance contradicts a report which was industriously circulated, that the *French* artillery was not landed when Admiral *Byng* appeared. He says, that after the enemy had been repulsed in their assault, our men were so full of spirits that their officers could hardly prevail upon them to leave off firing, when the *French* beat a parley. If that was the case, might not the fort have held out a little longer, as the sum total of the killed, dead, and missing soldiers did not exceed one hundred and thirty?

Art. 25. *A further address to the public. Containing genuine copies of all the letters which passed between a——l B——g and the s——ry of the a——ty; from the time of his suspension, to the twenty-fifth of October last. With proper remarks and reflections on the unprecedented treatment he has met with since his confinement.* 8vo. Pr. 1 s. Lacy.

We are afraid that these letters, and the observations upon them, will be of little service to the person in whose favour they are published.—A man's affairs must be desperate indeed, when he retains such an advocate who is much better calculated for defamation than defence. Accordingly, instead of justifying the conduct of admiral *B——g*, he exclaims against that of lord *A——n*, and reviles the secretary of the ad——y with that rancour and virulence which is so peculiar to his pen. Mr. *B——g* is the most injured man upon earth, because he was arrested before a copy of his charge could be made out; because he was superseded, and his character impeached, for having done more than could have been expected in the *Mediterranean*.—Who told this wise politician, that every person arrested for high treason is immediately furnished with a copy of his charge? Where did he find that this was the Privilege of a *British* subject? Does not he know that in such cases, it is sufficient to declare the cause of his arrest, without specifying particulars? If this author was apprehended for seditious practices, would he expect to have a copy of his indictment at his first commitment?—Whether is this kind of arguing the effect of ignorance and effrontery, or the servile compliance of a venal hireling? How far his hero Mr. *B——g*, exerted himself for the honour of the nation, but too plainly appears from the Trial.

The pamphleteer having boldly prophesied that ad——l *B——* would be honourably acquitted, he endeavours in the most insidious manner, to fix the imputation of cowardice upon a noble lord, who was indeed ennobled for the courage, spirit, and perseverance he had so remarkably exerted in the service. Such an attack from such an antagonist, in all probability he overlooks with disdain; but we are surprised that some of that nobleman's numerous adherents have not answered our author with arguments *ad hominem*. His gall flows still more bitter against the secretary of the ad——y, whom he terms a venomous wasp; and accuses of ignorance, absurdity, impudence, falsehood, malice and injustice; for no other reason, that we can perceive, than his committing to paper what the lords of the ad——y commanded him to write.

Art. 26. *A letter to the right honourable lord A—. 8vo. Pr. 1s.*
Bizet.

All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee:
thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more.

Ezek. chap. xxviii.

This is another torrent of abuse, discharged through the same filthy channel, at lord *A—n*, without the least regard to decency or truth. To speak metaphorically, this author is an ever-flowing sewer of dirty invective, black, muddy and offensive. Nothing can be more frivolous, false and ridiculous, than the different articles of obloquy which he hath here produced. He insinuates that *l— A—* married a lady by whom he was despised. He affirms that he exercised the functions of his employment with the most blind and partial despotism: that he misbehaved in an engagement at sea: that he violated the act of settlement by promoting an *Hanoverian*: that he had employed in his vindication a person who had issued into the world writings which ridicule the christian system, deny our Saviour, and blaspheme our God: that in the relation of his lordship's voyage round the world, there was not one pious reflection, although it was published in the name of his chaplain. That in bestowing employments he had been partial and corrupt; and that his administration was a series of mismanagement, oppression and extortion. He then makes an apostrophe to the secretary, whom he bespatters as the most profligate sycophant that ever lived, enumerating amongst his enormities, his having concluded a letter to *ad— B—* in these words: "I am, with great regard, your humble servant, &c." He likewise brands *l— A—* as an infamous gamester; interlards his curious performance with quotations from the prophets, and the proverbs of *Solomon*: nay, intersperses several mysterious hints which in an age of inuendos might be interpreted into *h—h t—n*. These are so many barrels thrown out to the whales at the *c—a t—ee*; but they will do well to remember—*bic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.*

Art. 27. *Reflections previous to the establishment of a militia. 8vo.*
Pr. 1s. Dodfley.

The author of this pamphlet having (tho' in a very florid style) judiciously explained the causes which have occasioned the decline of that martial Disposition so remarkable in our ancestors, proposes that the people of *Great Britain* should be accustomed to fire-arms, by taking off all restriction from the poachers; by introducing the practice of shooting at a mark for a prize or badge of honour; and that every family possessing a certain number of acres, should be enjoined to provide arms for one man.—He obviates some frivolous objections that may be made to the establishment of a militia; then hints that the nomination of officers, in the different ranks, should follow as nearly as possible, that subordination in point of dignity and wealth already subsisting in the nation. That rank in the militia shall be equal in all respects, to that which is acquired in the standing army. That military rank should give precedence equal with titles of nobility.

lity. Thus a field marshal, though an earl only, or even a baron, would be held equal with a duke. Such as actually serve in the militia, might stand foremost on the list of every jury; and such only be qualified as foremen. They might be married upon being only twice called in the church: they might be the first in every county list, and have the place of honour in voting at all elections.

No part of this author's plan we relish better than that in which he proposes that the military law calculated for our militia should build its authority on the foundation of honour and disgrace. These, doubtless, are more powerful motives in ingenuous minds, than the servile dread of death or corporal punishment, which a delinquent will endeavour to elude by a thousand low subterfuges. Every person guilty of mutiny in time of war, or deserting his post in the face of the enemy, should be dismissed the militia for ever, and stigmatised by particular public marks. It should be lawful to strike him; and he should have no action of damages for an assault, nor return a blow without being liable to such an action. Other marks of disgrace might be assigned to other crimes in a due gradation, from the highest to the lowest member of the militia.

In order to animate the people to enlist into the militia, he proposes that lists may be made out of the noblemen and gentlemen possessed of a certain valuation, for the rank of colonels: of all possessed of a lower valuation, qualified for field officers; a third for captains; and that all freeholders possessed of one hundred pounds a year, be deemed qualified for inferior officers, and not obliged to serve as soldiers. From this lower sort of freemen, it might be necessary to exclude all cottagers, day-labourers and servants, together with every person who has or shall be convicted of any criminal or infamous charge before the civil magistrate.—There are many other particulars in this pamphlet well worth the attention of the public.

Art. 28. *An essay on the expediency of a national militia. With proposals for raising and supporting a military force sufficient for our security at home: to be furnished by the several counties, after the manner of militia, and continually employed in the service of the public, without any additional expence to the subject.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Griffiths.

This author, after having made some very pertinent observations on the nature of a militia, proposes the following plan, which we think is the most feasible of any yet published for this important institution.

‘ That all statute labour on the public roads shall be compounded for, and money raised on the people in lieu of it: and that for the future all the work on the roads shall be performed by able men, chosen by the people, and to be paid according to the common rate of labour.

‘ That all such men, being the servants of the public, and maintained by it in so particular a manner, must devote themselves to its interest; and shall be liable, from the time they are first appointed, to serve it in a military capacity.

‘ That, as by the laws in force, every householder, cottager and labourer, is obliged to work on the roads, or contribute eighteen pence per day; so every such person under the age of fifty, and above eighteen, shall be liable to be chosen for a militia-man at the vestry.

of any parish where he shall happen to reside, but shall be intitled to his discharge after having served a certain number of years.

That such men shall be enrolled in companies, and act both in their military capacity, and other * employment, under the direction of the officers that may be properly appointed to discipline and govern them.

That a large proportion of such militia, shall form troops of cavalry, to be mounted on, and to break, in the necessary manner, all the horses that are to be employed in the repair of the roads.

That proper days be set apart for the exercise of this militia in small companies, and for collecting together large bodies, in order to practise them in their duty when formed into battalions, that by use they may become alert; and there is no room to doubt of their being brave.

That the labour on the roads shall be performed, as much as possible in companies, to be separated at no great distance from the head quarters.

That, as soon as the exigencies of the state will permit, as many of the individuals of his majesty's troops as can be spared, shall be incorporated with this militia, for the sake of forwarding exact discipline.

That draughts shall be made, from time to time, of such numbers as the government shall think fit, in every county, to be taken off from a great part of the labour on the roads, for the sake of attaining to higher degrees of perfection in the military art.

That the parliament shall appoint, from year to year, the precise number that shall be intirely exempt from this labour for the purposes of guards and garrisons.

That as the private men in his majesty's guards, &c. shall happen to die, become old and infirm, or be discharged, they shall be always replaced by draughts from this militia.

That proper regulations be made: That such men as shall from time to time be newly appointed to serve in this militia, and such horses as may be fresh bought, shall be employed in the more private roads; and that they advance forward as they become more perfect.

That every parish in the united kingdoms, shall chuse such a number of men, and bear such a proportion of the charge as the value of their lands shall amount to on an equal rate; that is to say, three pounds a year to be collected for every fifty pounds *per annum* in houses or land, and smaller bargains in proportion, down to ten pounds a year, as an equivalent for the six days work, at ten shillings *per day*, which the laws in being lay on every fifty pounds *per annum*.

That every other person now liable to work on the highways, or to hire one in his stead, pay six shillings a year as an equivalent for the six days statute-labour that he is now liable to.

This scheme will raise nearly one hundred thousand men, for whom ample provision would be made according to the rate before-mentioned. They would be strong, hardy, and intured to fatigue. They would keep the roads in such excellent repair, as to leave no room

Some states in *Europe* have employed engineers of the first note, with very large salaries, in making roads; surely subaltern officers, if well paid for it, need not disdain to inspect the labour of their men, and to plan and form any public work.

for vexatious and oppressive methods of presentments or indictments, to which every parish in the kingdom is now continually exposed; and as there would be no occasion to turn loose a number of disbanded soldiers at a peace, our streets and highways would be the less molested by thieves and robbers.

Art. 29. *The Prussian system and proceedings stated. In certain letters from a Saxon general in the Prussian army. In answer to the manifestos, memorials, remonstrances, and other papers, published by the Prussian ministry. With an appendix, containing a memorial presented to their high mightinesses the States-general at the Hague, by M. Kauderback, resident for his majesty the king of Poland, elector of Saxony. Dated December 14, 1756.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Hooper.

The drift of all these papers, is to demonstrate the fallacy of those arguments which his *Prussian* majesty hath advanced, in order to justify his invasion of *Saxony*; to describe the cruelty and despotism of his conduct towards the king of *Poland* and his family, as well as to the inhabitants of that electorate, who have been plundered of their effects, insulted and abused in their persons, and forced to serve against their native sovereign, by the most inhuman instances of oppression.

The following pathetic pictures, no person of feeling can peruse without emotion.

' *Prussia's* insolent officers trampled on the vitals of our country, and enchain'd our persons. From the orders they gave us in the name of the king their master, we dreaded the pillage of our cities. ' We were gripingly squeezed by generals, whose habitual poverty gave them a more eager thirst for riches. We were obliged to ransom ourselves from the particular plundering of soldiers, by carrying, to lay at the feet of those merciless chieftains, a larger value than the respective soldiers would have been able to take away. ' The magazines of foreign goldsmiths at *Leipzic*, always deemed in safety by every right, natural and political, were broke open. The *Prussian* generals alledged, they were authorised to commit such acts of violence, as the king of the *Anthropophagi*, the barbarous monarch of *Dahomai* in *Africa*, thought illicit in a country he had conquered. ' The sanctuary of our temples was profaned, and the vessels consecrated to the sacrament in common with us and all other christians, were sacrilegiously carried off for contributions. — Sir, we shall inform our sons, to inspire them with proper sentiments to revenge our affronts, that, by order of the king your master, we were compelled to rob ourselves, to carry, and unload at the feet of his blood-sucking generals, a plunder which they feared they should lose part of, if the carriage had been intrusted to their own soldiers. We shall inform them, that our youth was carried off to slavery, and that, without having any regard to birth, the king your master degraded the younger sons of our nobility, by treating them as *children of tribute*! We shall daily inculcate to them that, in the midst of a profound peace, our sovereign was attacked in his camp, and exposed to famine in a corner of his country; while *Prussian* plunderers were gorged with the provisions of his subjects: that he was finally reduced to project a daughter of men, to rescue his bravest subjects

subjects from perishing by famine. We shall tell them, that an enemy, meanly covetous, robbed our arsenals of their ornaments ; and that, egg'd on by an insolent curiosity, he picked the locks of the interior apartments of the palace, places hitherto respected in all justifiable wars, however bloody : That he trampled on our laws, customs, and forms of government : that, if we were permitted to breathe, it was that the foe might profit by our sweat and labours ; and, if the *Prussians* preserved our country, it was to reap the harvest themselves.

‘ Yes, sir, I say it aloud, your ministers, if as yet not devoid of every claim to humanity, ought to shudder at the mention of their affected respect for the queen our gracious mistress. Those corrupters of truth, vomited by *France* as a pestilential scum, but admired by your court as stars of the first magnitude, treat all respect due to superior rank as vulgar prejudice. If their synic effrontery should be so bare-faced as to deny that any is due even to the sex, consult those few truly learned by whom *Brandenburgh* was formerly better taught, but who are now equally neglected and despised at your court, as are the candour and truth that guided their studies. Those venerable sages will inform you, that *Alexander*, in the most violent rage of war with *Darius*, would not have insultingly menaced *Sisigambis*, or *Statira* ; would not have forced from them the keys of their private boxes ; that he would never have refused, had they deigned to demand it, the permission of writing a billet, or of sending a servant to *Darius*. Tell them the motive of those indignities which will be for ever held in horror by the princes of *Europe*, and an indelible stain on the perpetrators of them. Tell them that your ministry, under a pretext to verify copies sold to them by a traitor, though in a view of stealing what original papers they should find : have picked the locks of our king’s cabinet. Those justly learned men, in every species of right, will be as much startled at the attempt, as filled with indignation at the motive.’

In the memorial presented by Mr. *Kauderback* to the states-general, we find the following particulars.

‘ His *Prussian* majesty, at his entry into the electorate, declared in express terms, in the face of all *Europe*, that he had no offensive intentions against the king of *Poland*, nor against his dominions, and that he did not enter them as an enemy.

‘ The 27th *August* last, the minister of *Prussia* at *Dresden*, received an order to make verbally a requisition of passage for the *Prussian* army through the electorate of *Saxony*. The king, restricting himself within the limits of the exactest neutrality, answered it with the most positive assurances of the intire facility granted on his part for the passage of the *Prussian* troops. There was no interval, however, between this requisition of passage, and the invasion of the electorate, by taking possession of the town of *Leipzick*. They then proceeded immediately to the seizure of the coffers and revenues of the king. They took by force men, provisions, horses, money ; every thing, in short, that was convenient for his *Prussian* majesty ; and almost in the same moment that they demanded passage, the *Prussian* column which passed through *Wittemberg*, demolished its fortifications. — Do religion, or humanity, allow of suffering to want for necessaries, a queen and her august family in the heart of

‘ her own capital? to threaten the states of the country, composed of prelates, counts, barons, nobles and magistrates, without exception of persons, with corporal punishment, and condemnation to work at the fortifications, if they do not make the subjects arm against their sovereign, by furnishing, under the name of recruits, considerable re-inforcements to the *Prussian* army?

‘ The destruction of trade and manufactures, the carrying off the effects in the king’s magazines, the exhaustment of subsistence, the forced desertion of the inhabitants, the exportation of the revenues and money, and the famine which begins to be cruelly felt, are, in short, the scourges under which *Saxony* actually groans.’

Non nostrum inter hos tantas componere lites.

- Art. 30. *The irretrievable abyss, humbly addressed to both houses of parliament, and recommended to the citizens of London in particular.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Owen.

By a CITIZEN.

The design of this small pamphlet, is to implore the compassion of the legislature in behalf of wretched bankrupts, who, after having given in a faithful schedule of their effects, are nevertheless detainable in prison by the caprice or animosity of some particular creditor who refuses to sign the certificate; and in favour of those debtors who, should it be their misfortune to owe above 500l. to one person, are not intitled to the benefit of the act passed for relief of insolvent debtors, but must pine in extreme misery for the remaining part of their lives, confined to an unwholsome prison, deprived of the free air, destitute of the common necessaries of life, and cut off from all possibility of maintaining their wretched families, which are abandoned to beggary and despair. Some hundreds are, it seems, thus deplorably situated in different goals of the kingdom, debarred all hope of obtaining their liberty, groaning in the most exquisite distress, and disabled from contributing in any shape to the service of the commonwealth.—Every instance of this kind, is a shocking reproach upon justice and humanity, which we hope the wisdom of the legislature will speedily remove.

- Art. 31. *Two very singular addresses to the people of England; faithfully printed from the originals, after performing a quarantine of more than forty days.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Scott.

Interdum populus rectum putat. —— Hor.

This is the production of some wag not altogether destitute of humour and satire. The first address is in the name of the lamp-lighters, link boys, dustmen, chimney-sweepers, cinder-sifters, carmen, porters, shoe-cleaners, hackney-coachmen, and late bruisers of the ancient corporation and county town of the palatinate of *St. Giles’s*. It is directed to *A—S—*, Esq; member of *p—*, and all that.—Sub-governor, and all that.—*L—* of *T—*, and all that.—Secretary of *B—s*, and all that.—*P—te* of *I—d’s* own brother, and all that.—Half brother to the bishop of *D—y*, and all that.—Owner of endless fine-cures and pensions (both at home and abroad) and

and all that, &c. &c. &c. *In secula seculorum*— though without amen, or so be it.

These venerable petitioners complain of the late administration, the loss of *Minorca*, the introduction of foreign mercenaries: they petition for a standing constitutional militia, the reduction of taxes, change of measures, punishment of delinquents, and reformation of the navy.

—*The second part of this pamphlet, is the loyal Irish address of the kingdom of Ireland its ownself, to the duke of, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.*

It abounds with that species of solecism known by the denomination of bulls, some of which are not unentertaining, though for the most part they are gross and insipid. They complain of the ruinous condition of the college of the university of *Dublin*, though now entirely rebuilt; of the loss of *Minorca* by no body; of the exportation of wool to any part of the British dominions except *France*. They send his grace a present of an alarm clock, to wake himself by pulling a string. They petition that the *Hessian* horses may be sent over by land-carriage, to improve the breed of sheep and horned cattle in the kingdom of *Ireland*, &c. This facetious author seems to have had no other design in these lucubrations, but to raise the laugh of the reader, a very laudable aim at such a melancholy juncture.

Art. 32. Admiral Byng's defence, as presented by him, and read in the court January 18, 1757, on board his majesty's ship St. George in Portsmouth harbour. Containing a very particular account of the action on the 20th of May, 1756, off Cape Mola, between the British and French fleets; and the whole proceedings of his majesty's fleet during the six days it was off Minorca. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Lacy.

As all the particulars of this defence have already appeared in different pamphlets, on which we have communicated our observations in former numbers, it will be unnecessary to repeat them here. We shall only observe, that the style of this pamphlet is clear, nervous and distinct. The facts are related with great perspicuity and precision; and such an air of candour runs through the whole defence, that whatever errors may have been committed, we cannot help thinking the admiral did his duty to the best of his understanding.

Art 33. Some queries on the minutes of the council of war held at Gibraltar the fourth of May last: from which good reasons may be drawn, for a noble colonel's having taken so large a part in the defence of admiral B—g. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Baldwin.

This sixpenny performance, which might with ease be comprehended in a page of a news paper, contains twenty queries regarding the officers belonging to the garrison of *Minorca* who assisted at the council of war at *Gibraltar*. The author says, he deferred publishing his queries till the honourable gentlemen were returned who were concerned to give an answer to them; but if he only waited for their return, why did not this pamphlet appear two months ago? We may guess the reason from the consequence which he draws from his queries

ries in the title-page, although, upon our perusal of his performance, it appears to us to have no relation with any of them. However, we hope that the gentlemen belonging to the garrison of *Minorca*, and particularly the noble colonel hinted at in the title page, will, for the satisfaction of the public, soon produce their answers to all the queries that particularly relate to them.

✓ Art. 34. *A letter from a merchant of the city of London, to the r——t b——ble W—— P——, Esq; upon the affairs and commerce of North-America, and the West-Indies; our African trade; the destination of our squadrons and convoys; new taxes, and the schemes proposed for raising the extraordinary supplies for the current year.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Scott.

The author of this perplexed and absurd letter, begins with this modest assertion; 'That as he has been conversant with commercial affairs for upwards of twenty years, in the course of that time he cannot fail to have made such observations and remarks upon our trade and navigation, as may tend, at this juncture, to the advancement of both!' Notwithstanding this claim to infallibility, his whole performance demonstrates the great possibility of failing, and that a bourgeois may be all his life employed in commercial affairs, without being qualified to direct a minister of state even in matters relating to trade and navigation. As the letter is addressed to the r——t h——ble *W—— P——*, Esq; the public is not immediately concerned in it, therefore we hope the bookseller, upon the perusal of the manuscript, has had the precaution to print a very few copies, which the author may present to his friends at the club, to shew them that the new ministry must certainly prosper, as they are assisted by such an able counsellor.

✓ Art. 35. *A state of the case, and a narrative of facts, relating to the late commotions, and rising of the weavers, in the county of Gloucester; as it regards a petition now presented to the honourable house of commons by the body of clothiers, and others concerned in the clothing manufactory of Stroud-water, and parts adjacent.* 4to. Pr. 1s. 6d. Griffiths.

This pamphlet appears to be a fair and candid narrative of the disputes betwixt the clothiers and weavers in the county of *Gloucester*. The author assures us, that the distress of the weavers in that county, is chiefly owing to a decay of the woollen manufactory, and to their own idleness and luxury; and that, as a cloak to their late riotous proceedings, they have unjustly accused the clothiers of oppression. He treats his subject in a clear and distinct manner, and affirms that nothing is asserted as fact, but what is grounded on substantial evidence; that the act which the weavers obtained last session of parliament for regulating the rates of their wages according to the number of hundreds of threads in the breadth of the cloth, is unequal, impracticable, and inexpedient; and that, if the clothiers obtain no relief from the legislative power, in a few years their trade will be totally ruined.

Art.

✓ Art. 36. *The bubbled knights; or successful contrivances. Plainly evincing, in two familiar instances lately transacted in this metropolis, the folly and unreasonableness of parents laying a restraint upon their children's inclinations in the affairs of love and marriage.* 2 vols. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Noble.

And wedlock, without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key :
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects or cares not for ye ;
For what does make it ravishment,
But being 'gainst the mind's consent ?

HUDIBRAS.

Among the many miserable pieces that have fallen into the hands of the authors of the CRITICAL REVIEW, they have found none so bad as the novels published by Noble. They have hitherto endeavoured to wade through these sinks, though not without infinite fatigue ; but confess that the *bubbled knights* was so superlatively bad, they were unequal to the task of finishing it, and are persuaded that there are very few readers that will not shut the book as soon, nay, rather sooner, than they have done.

✓ Art. 37. *The fortunate villager, or the adventures of Sir Andrew Thomson.* 2 vols. Pr. 6s. Noble.

Some years since the *Chevalier Mouby*, encouraged by the kind reception which the world gave to the *fortunate country maid*, a work of the celebrated Mons. de Mariavaux's, published an imitation of it, but every way inferior, called *the fortunate peasant* ; and a translation of it was, I think, printed in London. This piece having fallen into the hands of the *prodigy* to whom we owe *the apparition*, *the bubbled knights*, &c. &c. &c. He has altered the names and scene of action, and presented it to the public as an original, under the name of *the fortunate villager*. We need give no other character of it, than that he has mangled the translation miserably ; that Sir *Andrew Thomson*, is every way equal to his other works, and curiously embellished with flowers of his own invention.

See pg 384
480.

✓ Art. 38. *Bath Epistles, that have passed between Miss Hazard, lady Motherly, lady Bountiful, lady Wronghead, Miss Thoughtless, Mrs. Planet, Sir Francis Manley, lawyer Gripe, beau Clincher, &c. Highly proper to be read by those who frequent Bath, Tunbridge-wells, &c. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Smyth.*

These epistles were written, we believe, with a very good design, *viz.* To shew the ill consequences of gaming, by the example of a young lady who was utterly ruined by it. We shall present our readers with one of the letters as a specimen, by which they will easily perceive that they are miserably penn'd, and only proper, as we are told in the title page, to be read by those who frequent *Bath, Tunbridge, &c.*

Lady Wronghead to Miss Hazard.

‘ I received your letter, Miss —— but I protest my thoughts were so much engaged, at that time, to fix on a proper person to wear the next

‘ next white hat, that I declare I have quite forgot what you wrote
‘ about.

‘ I know you talked about thousands, and trouble, and such like—
‘ but why do you let any thing affect you so far, as to give you the
‘ least trouble! — I have lost five or six thousand pounds in one
‘ night, and it never gave me a moment’s uneasiness.

‘ If we were to have fortune side with us always, who would ever
‘ venture to play with us? Think of that Miss: as for my part, I
‘ should be dead at once, was I to be debarred from company and
‘ gaming.

‘ And, indeed, I am obliged to play both for myself and husband;
‘ for he, unfashionable creature! hates every thing that comes under
‘ that denomination — He’ll even damn gaming before my face!
‘ and won’t suffer my poor daughter to make one in a party, though
‘ they only play for an odd hundred or two.

‘ For my part, I wish all such husbands were obliged to serve in
‘ the wars, till they come to a better way of thinking.—A lady
‘ can’t lose a few thousands, but she must hear of it twenty times;
‘ nor stay out all night, but the very servants must be alarmed with
‘ the lectures he gives a poor lady.

‘ I had almost forgot to acquaint you, that dear Miss *Thoughtless* is
‘ just arrived here; I was charmed with the sight of her! she is the
‘ very quintessence of taste! not the least trifle about her but what is
‘ French; nor does she ever require rest so long as any branch of
‘ gaming is going forward.

‘ Her servants are likewise all dress’d in French taste; and I heard
‘ Miss declare to her waiting-maid, that sooner than any of the En-
‘ glish breed should put comb or scissars to her hair, it should display
‘ itself as nature directed.

‘ I let her know how near Miss *Hazard* was to Bath; and Miss
‘ said it was fifty to one if she did not take a jaunt to the hot-wells
‘ in a day or two to pay you a visit, and I dare say she will be as good
‘ as her word, especially as there is much gay company there at
‘ present.

‘ I have a thousand things more to say to you, but I have this
‘ moment received an account that Mrs. *Planet* has met with some
‘ trouble, and I can’t rest till I know if it be in my power to serve
‘ that dear woman.

‘ P. S. If I am so happy to see Mrs. *Planet*, I will advise with her
‘ concerning the situation of your affairs, whose advice you may
‘ rely on.’

Bath, &c.

✓ Art. 39. *A sermon preached before the honourable house of Commons at St. Margaret’s Westminster, upon Friday the 11th day of February 1757, being the Day appointed by proclamation for a general fast, &c. By JOHN TAYLOR, L.L.D. chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln. 4to. Pr. 1s. Bathurst.*

Dr. Taylor’s sermon is on the following text, taken from the xxth chapter of the book of *Judges*, at the 23d verse.

And the children of Israel went up, and wept before the Lord until even, and asked counsel of the Lord, saying, shall I go up again to battle against

against the children of Benjamin, my brother? and the Lord said, go up against him.

From which words, the preacher takes occasion to draw a short, but obvious, parallel between the children of *Israel*, and the inhabitants of *Great-Britain*; and observes, ‘that though the children of *Israel* acted upon the fairest principles, and moreover seemed to go up to battle under the engagement of providence, yet God, who knows the proper season of accomplishing his purpose, and of making good his word, for a while withheld his countenance, till after forty thousand of those, that drew the sword, were slain, even of those to whom he had given a commission to draw it.’

Which consideration should lead us to lament our unhappy situation, and to be upon our guard against those unwelcome circumstances which, in spite of the justice of the quarrel, may probably attend a long and expensive war. He then inquires how, and with what propriety, a nation may be said to sin and suffer; and how the faults of private people can mix with the fate and interest of government: and observes, ‘that public societies, as they act like men in their single and separate capacities, may in like manner with them be affected also. The political body, like the natural, may be said to enjoy the comforts of health, when it stands clear of all those foul and unhappy humours, which contribute to the weakening, or convulsing, or any way endangering, the constitution from within: and states must feel, like individuals, when unavoidable disputes shall tend to interrupt a correspondence, which their wants or inclinations, the circumstance of situation, or the terms of friendship, shall lead them to cultivate from without.

‘But above all the instances (says he) which connect the considerations of man and society, I come now to observe upon one which is perhaps of all the most striking. Though there is an apparent stability or perpetuity in the frame of most governments, that we are acquainted with, yet there is a period, beyond which they cannot pass, and, in this instance at least, they do not differ from the condition of individuals, but must die like men *; and fall as one of the frail subjects of mortality.

‘And here let me rest for a moment, whilst every man that hears me, shall put this serious question to his conscience and his apprehensions, *What reason he has to conclude, that this period is not wound up, nor this day approaching?* The vulgar and the hardened, the dissipated and thoughtless, may make light of these fears; but to a sober judgment we seem to stand upon the precipice of a whole nation’s guilt, upon an eminence to which we have been raised insensibly, by improving upon the sins and wickednesses of those, who went before us. How bitter is the reflection, to look upon ourselves as a people, who in some degree may appear to have worn out the patience and long-suffering of God Almighty, and to consider, that possibly the last wheel in the great machine of providence, which disposes of the kingdoms of the earth, that levels one and raises another, has now begun its motions?’

He then enumerates the several judgments of God which have been inflicted on this nation for many years past; and at the same time laments our insensibility of them.

What

* Psalm lxxii. 7.

What the Dr. has remarked in this place concerning the present fashionable and destructive practice of gaming, is worthy of our readers notice.

' The excessive love of gaming (says he) devours, like a rust, the substance of those who rejoice in a good fortune, and is the scandalous profession of many who have none. It has been improved into lesson and system by men of skill and experience: and with the men of leisure, has past from innocent amusement, into all the depth and refinement of abstraction. It has filled the streets and highways with violence, effaced all principles of honour, except some ideal ones of its own creation, and with an insult upon all laws both human and divine, and with some relish of idolatry, has broken in upon the seasons of devotion: and left it should not look heaven in the face with an air of defiance, it is made a necessary part of education in those who are to take our places.'

The sermon concludes with a spirited exhortation to universal repentance, and a just, and well-drawn character of the best of kings, our illustrious sovereign; ' a prince who (as our author has truly described him) was sent to bless us, and has continued to bless us, through the course of a mild and gracious administration: that God would be pleased to make the evening of his days, as calm and serene, as the course of them has been great and illustrious: a prince who never drew the sword for the purposes of ambition, but to maintain the liberties of *Europe*: who has despised danger, and neglected his own safety for the safety of his people; and never found an enemy, but in the enemies of his country: who was called to a crown for our preservation, who has worn it with lustre to himself, and conveys it with the fairest expectations to posterity: who has seen his years increasing with the wishes of his people for their continuance: and having relieved us from the doubts of a broken succession, and the apprehensions of a fatal one, has lived to see his childrens children *; and like a great patriarch, is become the Father of many nations †.'

* Psalm cxxviii. 7.

† Gen. xvii. 4.

APPENDIX against APPENDIX.

MR. Bower having, in an appendix to his last pamphlet, honoured us with what he calls remarks on the partial and defective account given in the *Critical Review* for January last, of his *Answer to a scurrilous pamphlet*, &c. We shall beg our reader's patience for a few (and they shall be but a very few) words with him on that subject.

Mr. B. in this appendix, has thought fit to call our account of his defence *partial and defective*, and to accuse us of gross *misrepresentations*; and to prove this, he says, ' I never pretended to the praise of having preserved an inviolable chastity, as the *Reviewers*, misinterpreting my words, would make the world believe that I have. On the contrary, I have ingeniously owned, in my *Answer to a new Charge*, p. 25. that from follies and frailties I have not been free: but they were follies

lies

• lies and frailties that injured no mortal, except myself. As for
 • the marriage-contract with which I am charged, I have absolute-
 • ly denied it: there was no such contract, nor any thing that
 • could in equity be deemed such a contract, even by a jury of ladies.
 • But what has all this to do with my popery, or with the Six Let-
 • ters, or even with my moral character? (*and what has all this to*
do with the Critical Review?) I chose to pay five hundred pounds
 • (*more fool you Mr. Bower*) rather than have a law-suit in an affair
 • of this nature. Might there not be good reasons (*none that we*
can see) to think the loss of that money a less evil than saving
 • it by the sentence of a jury in *Westminster-Hall*? Suppose the
 • tongues of counsels there but the tenth part as flippant as the
 • pens of the libeller, or of the Reviewers, who, that could live
 • without it, would not much rather give five hundred pounds,
 • than have his own character, and that of a gentlewoman with
 • whom he had lived in an intimate friendship, become the sub-
 • ject of their abuse?

• In page 45, the *Reviewers* cannot help owning, that I wrote
 like an honest protestant in 1730; but add, “ how far this may
 go towards the vindication of Mr. B—r’s character, or whether
 it will weigh against a scale of fact and evidence, we must leave
 our readers to determine: certain however it is, that a man may
 be an honest protestant in 1730, and a rogue or a papist in 1745.”
 • Here they suppose every fact, every evidence produced against me
 by my enemies, to be true; whereas not one of any moment has
 yet been alledged that I have not disproved to the full satis-
 faction of every candid reader. But it was, it seems, the busi-
 ness of these impartial critics to conceal the defence, and only
 acquaint the public with the charge.

P. 46. of our account we say, “ Mr. Bower acknowledges that
 he might probably have confessed this lady among others; but
 that he never saw her, it being the custom to confess in a dark
 room, *a circumstance not unfavourable to a libidinous jesuit.*” This
 is supposing that I was alone with her in a dark room; but they
 purposely forget the iron-grate interposed between her and me.
 Was that a circumstance not unfavourable to a libidinous jesuit?
 And is this a fair way of stating my answer to the charge brought
 against me?

This same iron-grate is, to be sure, a lucky interposer to secure
 Mr. B’s character, and yet who knows whether a libidinous jesuit
 —; but we will inlarge no farther on this subject, because
 we have some regard to modesty, if Mr. B. has not.

He then says, We overlooked (*so much the better for him*) his
 unanswerable arguments (*very poor ones*) to prove that the jesuits
 never attested the story of the nun, or if they did, attested what
 they knew to be false.

That we call his vindication of Dr. *Aspinwall*, a circumstance for-
 eign to the dispute between him and his adversary (*and so it*
is.)

He

He does not like our illustration of his breaking his word with the public, to whom he had promised the account of his escape from the inquisition. (See p. 46. of our *Review*) where we ask Mr. *Bower*, "Whether if any gentleman who owed him 500*l.* " which he had promised to pay at *Lady-Day*, should notwithstanding the advice of his friends defer it till *Christmas*, he "the said Mr. *Bower* would admit this as a good plea for non-payment: or whether he would not on this occasion be inclined to suspect the integrity of the debtor, and signify this his opinion by the seasonable interposition of a bum-bailiff."

"Would not one think, (*says he*) by the comparison here made to expose the reasons I alledge for delaying to give an account of my escape from the inquisition, according to my promise, that I had procured a subscription, and *taken money beforehand*, for the publication thereof, as soon as I had completed the second volume of the *History of the Popes*?"

"Where is the analogy (*we'll shew you presently*) between such a promise deferred by the advice of many of the subscribers to my history of the Popes, who thought it would be more for the benefit of the public that I should not interrupt that work by another, and a promise of paying 500*l.* at *Lady-day* deferred till *Christmas*?"

Why, friend *B.* thou art extremely dull, the analogy is plain enough to any body but yourself, one promise is as like another promise, which is all we meant, as *B.*'s hand-writing in a letter to Sir *H. B.* would be to his hand-writing in the letters to *F. Sheldon*.

He has the same objection to our query in a note concerning the *slip of his pen* (*doubtless the most ridiculous defence which a man could make*) and answers it by saying the bare repetition of this is sufficient to shew the impertinence as well as the injustice and malignity in it. *By no means.* But why Mr. *B.* so angry about a query or two, as the poet says,

"'Twas but by way of Simile.'

"But these gentlemen (*say Mr. B.*) are so desirous of shewing their wit, that they are not at all concerned for the opinion it may give the world of their candor and judgment."

In regard to our candor and judgment we shall only say, that if they are called in question by none but Mr. *Bower*, it will not give us any great uneasiness. We are obliged to him however for allowing us a little *wit*, and sincerely wish we could return the compliment. In the mean time, as Mr. *B.* seems apprehensive that our work may reach those places where his defence may never be read (which is extremely probable) to convince him that we have more candor than he imagines, we hereby promise that if he will send our publisher three or four thousand of his gratis appendixes, we will inclose them, for the benefit of our readers, in our next *Review*.

